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17 DECEMBER 1984 NO. 12

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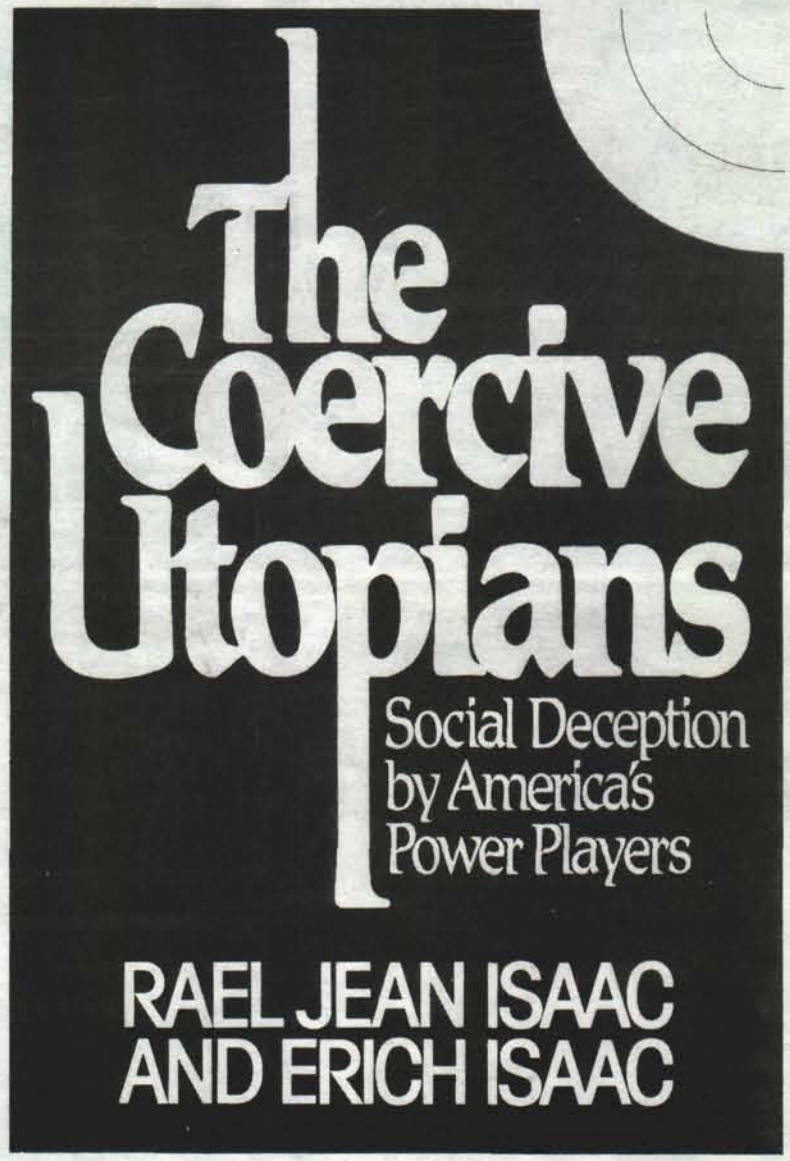

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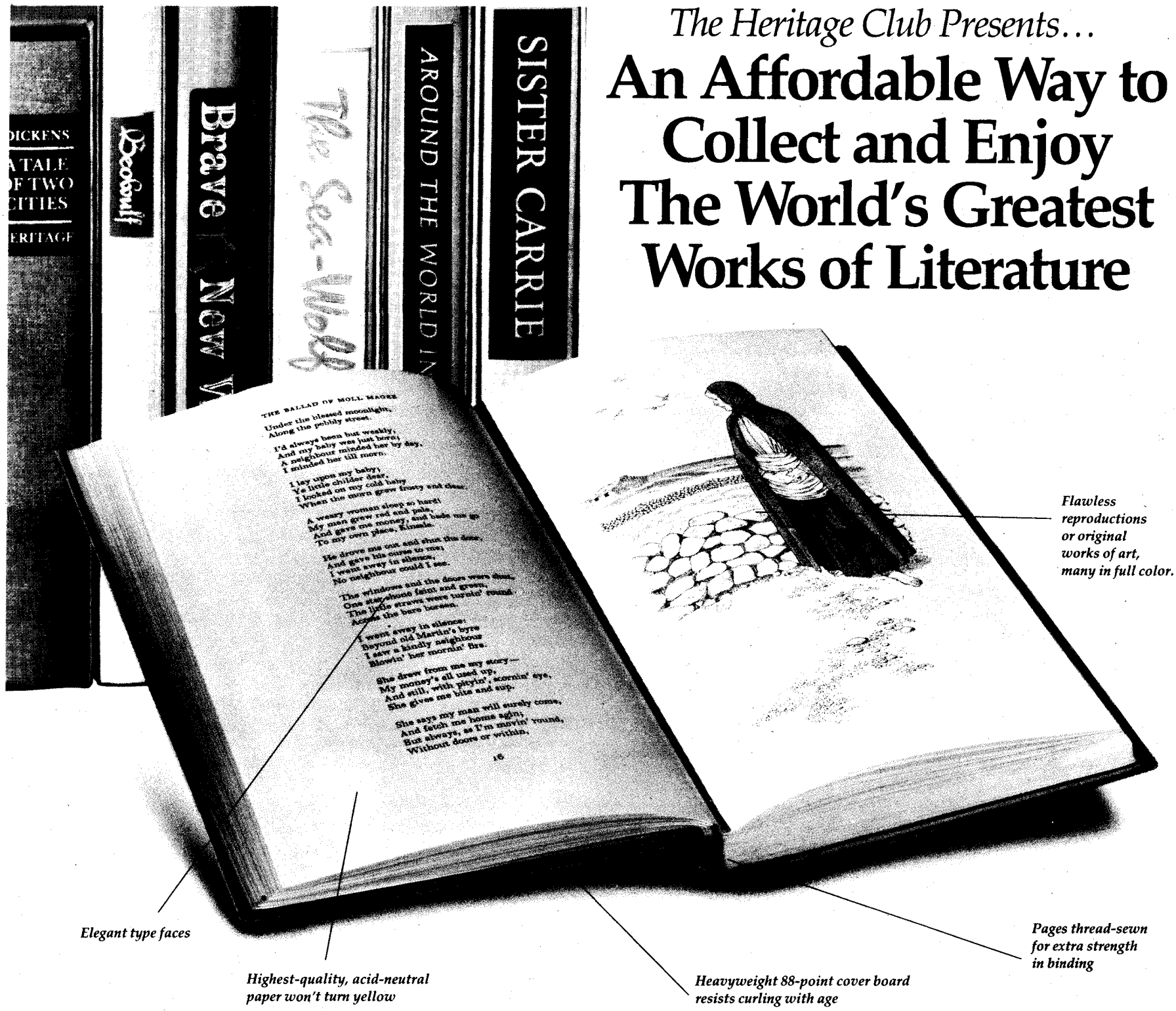
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A TALE OF TWO CITIES
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Brave New World
AROUND THE WORLD IN
SISTER CARRIE
THE BALLAD OF MOLL MAGEE
Under the blessed moonlight,
Along the pebbly street.
I'd always been but weakly,
And my baby was just bern;
A neighbour minded her by day,
I minded her till morn.
I lay upon my baby,
Ye little children dear,
I looked on my cold baby
When the morn grew frowsy and clear.
A weary woman sleep so hard!
My man grew red and pale,
And gave me money, and bade me go
To my own place, Kinsale.
He drove me out and shut the door,
And gave his curse to me;
I went away in silence,
No neighbour could I see.
The windows and the doors were clear,
One star-house faint and green,
The little straws were turnin' round
Across the bare hearsen.
I went away in silence,
Beyond old Martin's byre
I saw a kindly neighbour
Blowin' her mornin' fire.
She drew from me my story—
My money's all used up,
And still, with pityin', scornin' eye,
She gives me bite and sup.
She says my man will surely come,
And fetch me home again,
But always, as I'm movin' round,
Without doors or within,
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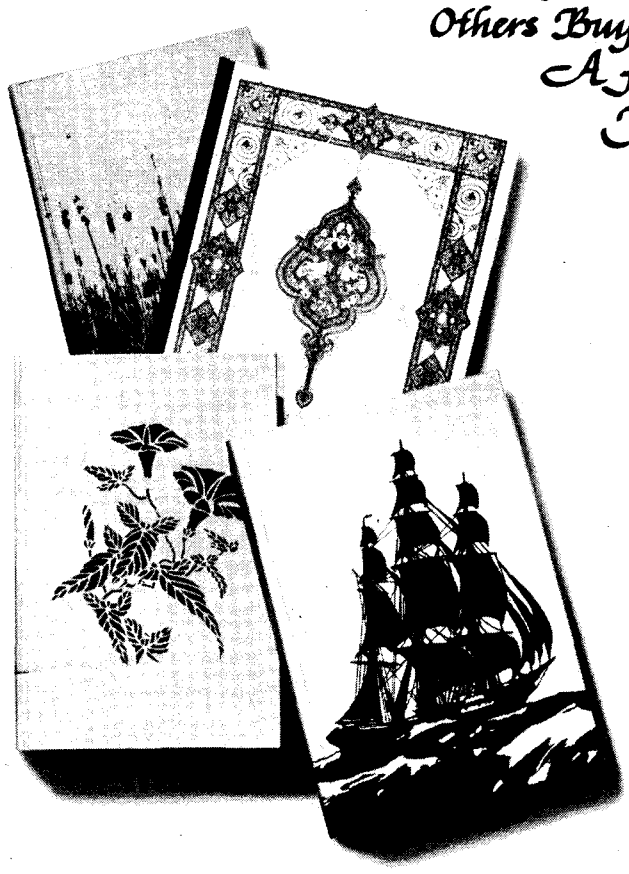

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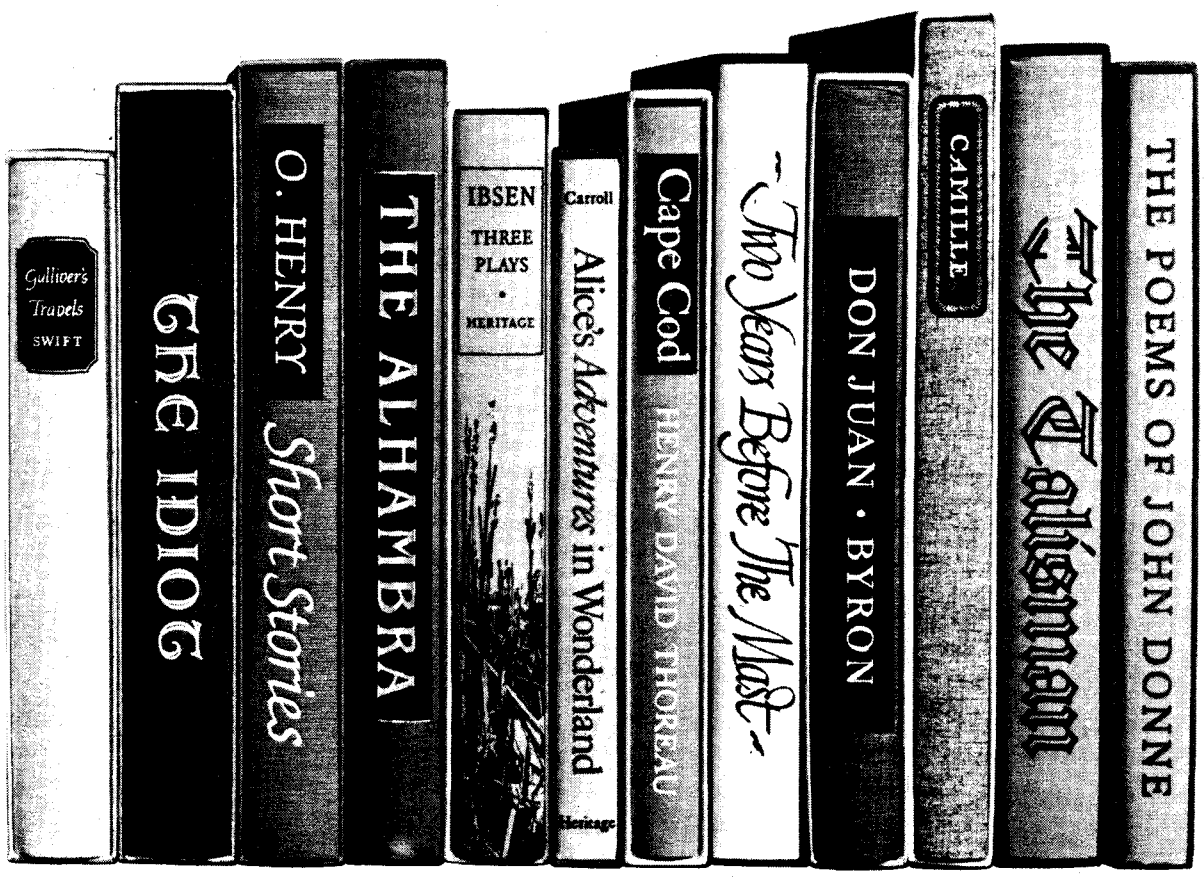

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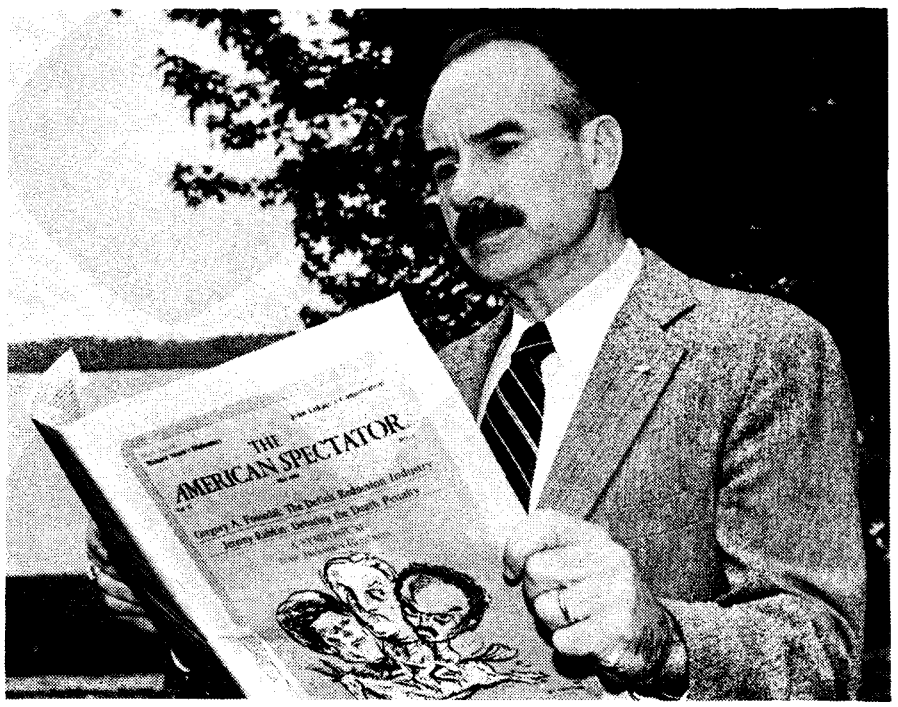

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THE CONTINUING CRISIS

•As we go to press the U.S. presidential election is still several days away. But let us hazard a mad guess about the outcome. . . . Yes, Mondale carries Queens, Berkeley, Greenwich Village, and the northside Chicago ward which includes the monkey house in the Lincoln Park Zoo. And how about the elections in Nicaragua? I predict the Mondale forces do well there, too.

•Speaking of moribund politicians, there's quite an Aquino ground swell building in the Philippines. Ferdinand Marcos is finding out the hard way that murdered political opponents never give stupid interviews to *Playboy*, cheat on their income tax, or get caught in hotel rooms with coat check girls from El Morocco.

•Remarkable how assassination improves a politician. Leon Trotsky, John F. Kennedy, Che Guevara, and Harvey Milk all gained historical stature and support for their policies this way. Now Indira Gandhi has gotten into the act.

•Indira-Gandhi should serve as inspiration to all women looking for full political equality—sikh and ye shall find.

•Halloween came early at the White House when Andrei Gromyko showed up dressed in a truly frightful Russian business suit costume. Accounts differ as to whether the President invited him to bob for apples or just told him to go soak his head. The next little gremlin to drop by was Shimon Peres. He threatened to soap the east wing storm windows with PLO slogans. He was only pulling the President's leg, of course. Shimon's trick or treat haul this year was 1.2 billion dollars. (Some tanks and fighter planes were found in the goodies but no pins or razor blades.)

•Students at Brown University passed a resolution asking the campus health center to stock cyanide pills so that the students could kill themselves in case of atomic war. This is a far cry from my days in college when we killed ourselves with our own drugs. And the Vietnam war wasn't even a nuclear one.

•In Dublin the Grand Marshal of the New York St. Patrick's Day parade has been sentenced to four years in jail. I'd like to think this was for tying up traffic on March 17 and giving cretinous teenagers an excuse to vomit green beer at ten in the morning. But apparently it was for gun running.

•Who says the British Miners Union is intransigent? During recent negotiations Union head Arthur Scargill gave in to government demands on a key point and agreed that it was all right to close a coal mine when there wasn't any coal left in it. With such reasonableness prevailing at the bargaining table, can UK labor peace be far off?

•Following extensive flood damage in the Korean peninsula, North Korea has sent 370 trucks full of rice, clothing, and medical supplies that it can ill spare to South Korea which doesn't need them. Good will gesture? Publicity ploy? Nefarious plot? Or just some dumb Bolsheviks with muddled shipping orders. Hard to say.

•Here's something to factor in when taking the measure of prime-time television's cerebral content. Jon-Erik Hexum, star of the new series "Cover-Up," shot himself in the head with a blank. It killed him.

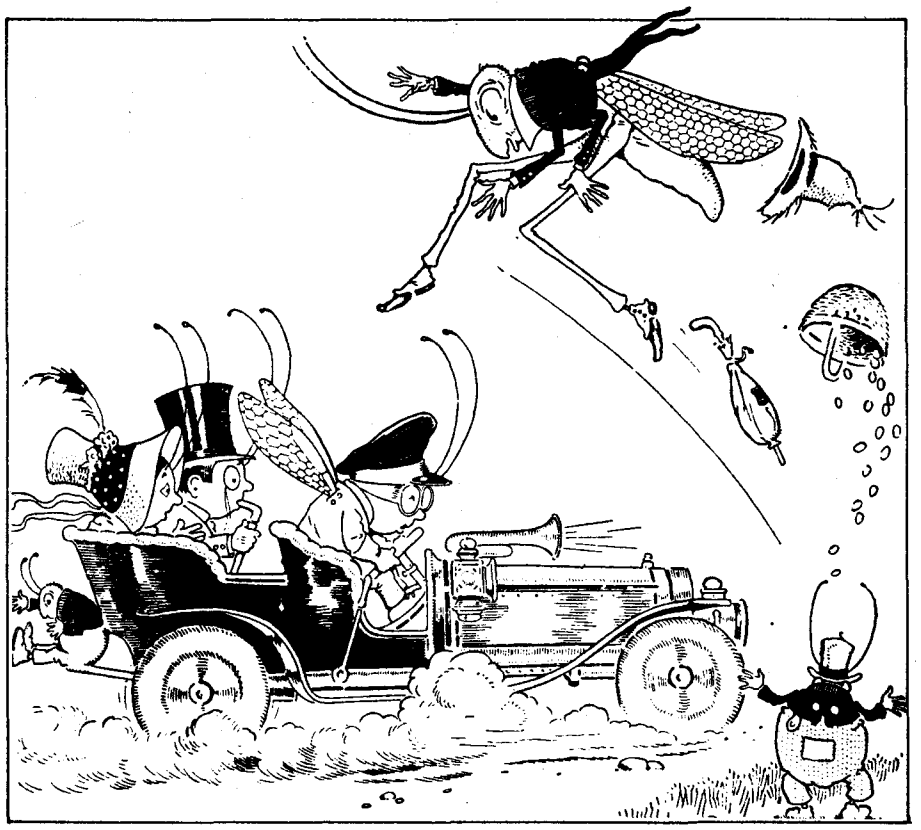
•Our Embassy in Beirut got blown up again. A shadowy group called Islamic Jihad claimed credit for the blast. Mideast specialists theorize that Islamic Jihad doesn't really exist. This would fit the pattern since security specialists had theorized that our new Embassy couldn't really be attacked.

•The U.S. and Italy have signed a new extradition treaty allowing for rapid deportation of organized crime figures. No John Zaccaro jokes, please. Or Raymond Donovan wisecracks, either.

•Will the blind man lead that mute to the podium so he can give a speech to the deaf? Congress has issued a report criticizing UNESCO for inefficiency. The report is 157 pages long and it took six months to prepare. Meanwhile Baghdad has imported Egyptian bureaucrats in an effort to make Iraq's government operate more efficiently.

•Good old Iraq, with the help of Iran, continues to engage in what may be the most tedious armed conflict since Ohio's dispute with Michigan over Toledo. Come on, you guys, quit holding each other up in the clinches. This is a war not a waltz contest.

•Elsewhere on the mayhem front, Soviet occupation of Afghanistan is not panning out. It's all part of a Russian attempt to achieve parity with the United States. True, the Reds can now equal America's ability to lose ill-conceived wars against fanatic natives in places nobody cares about. But they are lagging way behind in drug-addicted veterans, domestic riots, and rock concerts in cow pastures full of half-naked hippie girls. Poor quality of Russian-made hashish pipes and hi-fi equipment is probably to blame. No improvement is expected until Chernenko is replaced with younger, more vigorous Kremlin leadership.



•Britain, which sacrificed men and gold without stint to keep the vile Argentine's grasping claws off the Falklands, has punted Hong Kong without so much as an irate letter to the *Times*. The fate of four and a half million Chinese is one thing; stealing sheep is another. Bloody hell, lad, sheep are practically human.

•Don't worry about Hong Kong stock market prices, however. The mainland Chicoms are modifying their economic system. Profits, competitive pricing, and even some private property will be allowed though the party organization will retain ultimate totalitarian control of society. There was a name for this during the 1930s.

•General Westmoreland vs. CBS to date: General Westmoreland denies he lied but says if he did it was only to the public and that's all right. CBS executives admit they lied but say they have a license from the FCC to do it.

•These two headlines ran cheek and jowl on the front page of the October 20 *New York Times*: "4 Americans From C.I.A. Killed As Plane Crashes in El Salvador" and "3 U.S. Advisers in El Salvador Followed Unit to Battle Zone." It seems the CIA was running a surveillance mission looking for evidence of foreign intervention in the Salvadoran guerrilla war. No word yet on whether we discovered us before the crash.

•The Contadora group has worked out a great peace treaty for Central America. The Nicaraguans are particularly fond of it. They sat right down and signed the treaty with. . . . Well, the treaty isn't actually *with* anybody. There must be some nation somewhere that Nicaragua can get to sign this treaty. How about Lesotho? They love treaty signings. They wear native dress and trot out all the wives and drums, etc. It'll be fun.

•A group of famous people are getting together to investigate the private lives of selected newspaper reporters. Just kidding. But it's not a bad idea.

•Black Americans have trouble finding jobs? Don't you believe it. Dick

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Gregory is selling a powdered protein drink called "Dick Gregory's Bahamian Diet." It's made out of seaweed. Former Watergate security guard Frank Wills has been hired to help market the diet drink and to co-author the *Dick Gregory/Frank Wills Watergate Break-In Cookbook*. Jesse Jackson appeared on "Saturday Night Live."

•There was a violent demonstration in London on September 27. The demonstrators were protesting big business, the arms race, unemployment, and the use of animals for medical experiments. Run that one by us one more time and let's see if we can get a net over it.

•Nature note: More than 7,000 caribou drowned in Quebec as a result of hydro-electric dams built because coal-burning generators damage the environment.

•Once again R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr., W.H. von Dreele, Jeff MacNelly, and other such notables (not to mention this writer) have been passed over by the Nobel people. Instead, the 1984 prize for literature went to Czech poet Jaroslav Seifert. Herewith an extract from his works:

Poetry is with us from the start.
Like loving,
Like hunger, like the plague, like war.
At times my verses were embarrassingly foolish.
But I make no excuse.
I believe that seeking beautiful words is better
than killing and murdering.

Perhaps this is losing something in translation. Maybe we can help fix it. What Jaroslav probably means is:

Poesy's with us all the time,
Like sex and death and gin and lime.
My poems are sometimes not so swell.
Hey, so sue me! What the hell,
I'd rather pen a bit of fluff
Than knock somebody on their duff.
(Or tell the Commies to get stuffed.)

—P.J. O'Rourke

CORRESPONDENCE

Garbage In, Garbage Out

In William Tucker's review of *The Evolution of Cooperation* (*TAS*, September 1984) there may be less cause for celebration than voiced. It seems that Tucker has fallen for the old trap of circular reasoning and the relatively new one of, "If the computer agrees it must be right."

On every computer sold there should be attached an OSHA-grade warning sticker: GIGO—that is, "Garbage In, Garbage Out," a caution familiar to old hands who grew up with flaky equipment but lost on many neophytes, especially social researchers.

The "model" used, "the Prisoner's Dilemma," is stacked in favor of cooperation at all times: thus, it is little surprise that a "cooperative" program would win against a broad range of "opponents." Indeed, the only way to rack up more points is to be so blessed as to be in a population of "Christians" (always cooperate) and pursue a "Lion" policy ("screw you, Jack"). Sound familiar?

But, the real world does not cooperate in simple models: The "values" of cooperation and antagonism vary continually, with evil often triumphing at least in the short term and under its own idea of "gain," and the best of cooperative policies often coming to disastrous ends. In addition, if one regards "gain" over a less-than-infinite time span (i.e., one's own life), even the premise of fixed rewards will not deter use of a short-term-gains policy; comparing American corporate management policies as a whole with almost any other industrialized democracy points this out.

This type of gnostic proof of moral values is often defeated by the complex nature of humanity; if "economy" cannot be modeled successfully then how can the far more complex interaction of human desires and aspirations?

—William D. A. Geary
Deer Park, New York

William Tucker replies:

There is some sense to Mr. Geary's point, in that the scoring of any game can be "rigged" to produce the desired results. But I don't think it applies in the case of the "Prisoner's Dilemma." As he notes himself, the highest score can be achieved, not by cooperating, but by consistently betraying the other person. One would not have to be a "Lion among Christians" in order to run up a high score in this situation. One would only have to be a non-cooperator living in a society that is not very diligent in punishing infractions. A burglar who is continually given wrist-tap sentences, for example, will be able to pursue a successful career as a "non-cooperator" with regard to other people's property. Thus, the Prisoner's Dilemma is not "stacked in favor of cooperation at all times."

In my review of *The Evolution of Cooperation,* I may not have put enough emphasis on the real-life examples that author Robert Axelrod is able to marshal in support of his argument. He does far more than rely on computer print-outs.

Axelrod gives numerous examples where real-life cooperation has evolved—even in the most adverse circumstances. Probably his best example is the "Live and Let Live" policy that arose spontaneously among soldiers facing each other across the trenches during World War I. Stuck in a long-term "prisoner's dilemma," soldiers on both sides fell into a policy of "don't-fire-unless-fired-upon." They would exchange perfunctory artillery rounds—often hitting the exact same targets every day with such regularity that "you could set your watch by it." In some instances, snipers would hit the exact same spot on dugouts hundreds of times, just to let the other side know what they could do. But both sides were careful never to *initiate* hostilities. When one side did kill someone, the other retaliated immediately, on the principle of "two tits for one tat." Commanding officers who visited the front were appalled at these "outbreaks of peace," and would rant and rave about fighting units that "didn't seem to know there was a war going on." But as soon as they left, things would return to their "normal" cooperative equilibrium.

These and other instances illustrated that Axelrod's model is more than just a matter of "garbage in, garbage out." The Prisoner's Dilemma is a useful and accurate model for real-life biological and human situations.

The Spirit of Adam Smith

We very much enjoyed T. John Jamieson's "Dressed to Kill" (*TAS,* August 1984).

However, in the interest of accuracy, we should like to point out that we did not invent the Adam Smith necktie. These neckties, with the famous Tassie Medallion cameo profile of the Sainted Adam were first "manufactured and sewed" by a conservative student group at St. Andrews in the late 1960s.

The Decatur Shop initially imported some of these ties and then started offering our own version in the early 1970s.

Thanks to our multi-million dollar advertising campaign (in *The American Spectator* and elsewhere), we have in the past decade sold thousands of the Adam Smith cravats. However, we regret that there are still many great Americans who do not own *even one* Adam Smith necktie.

Also, we do not offer an Edmund Burke necktie, and do not plan to do so, since Mr. Jamieson would probably not buy or wear one if we did. We do, however, offer Edmund Burke T-shirts, as well as Russell Kirk and H.L. Mencken and Millard Fillmore T-shirts. We considered Bob Tyrrell and Ed Feulner T-shirts, but so far the market demand for these has been very minimal.

We thank you for this opportunity to correct the record. Mr. Jamieson's article is further proof that today one simply can't trust everything one reads in the media or in scholarly tabloid journals printed on cheap paper.

—Norma and Don Lipsett
Props, The Decatur Shop
One Tyrrell Square
North Adams
The People's Republic of Michigan

High Jesuitry

Just came across your July "Continuing Crisis." Congratulations! Your highminded reference to America's Roman Catholic bishops as "brat kids" earns you our first annual Ernest Hollings Award for original insight into the rights of religious expression—formerly the Samuel F.B. Morse Award.

You may or may not recall that it was the would-be president Hollings who last year derided this same episcopal body as "a bunch of kids." Their crime at that time was in seeking passage of tuition tax credits for low and moderate income private school families. These days it's the ominous peace pastoral or the Church's reflections on economic justice which serve as the source of the prelates' rejuvenation as well as a target for outrage from civil religionists on the right. Although none of the hierarchy are Jesuits, we may be comfortably certain that the Church is up to her usual "high jesuitry"—i.e. doing her job—when she catches hell in stereo, as has been the case of late. If it's not from Tony Alamo or Planned Parenthood, it's you guys. "Can anti-clericalism . . . be far off?" you ask. Certainly no further away than Bloomington.

Yes, you're a clever young brood of curmudgeons, and your editor is an awful bright boy. But he's sounding

(continued on page 59)

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EDITORIALS

YOUTH IN REBELLION

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

These are mournful days in the faculty clubs of America. The profs, so many of whom have made politics their religion and *gauchisme* its inspiration, are finding themselves lecturing to classes whose students sport an inscrutable abundance of Reagan-Bush campaign buttons. How to account for the scandal? Youth is supposed to be a time for hoisting the black flag and hollering for anarchy and liberty. The majority of American youths are supporting Ronald Reagan and the clock-stoppers.

Seasoned political observers are as puzzled as the profs. The presence of Reagan supporters on college campuses is particularly mysterious, for it was not long ago that the campus was the preserve of radicals, and now many radicals hold forth from the lectern. Are college students as immune to the radical hooey as non-college youth?

Some observers insist that young voters, having suffered through the Carter Administration's episodes of indecision and weakness, are fetched by what they perceive as Ronald Reagan's "strength." Others stress the different moods conjured up by the candidates, with youth opting for Reagan's optimism and self-reliance over Walter Mondale's gloom and dependency. Still others don their Freudian robes and rumble orphically over the allure of the President's "grandfatherly" image—though some consider the image to be that of a venerable uncle. Finally, there are those observers of solid disposition who see the young's support for Reagan-Bush as a vote for "selfishness" and "narcissism."

Doubtless all these explanations have their merits, at least until we get to the last, whereupon I mutiny. I doubt that today's youth are any more susceptible to baseness than any other generation, and I suspect today's youth are just as liberty loving and given to lapses into thoughtfulness. As editor of *The American Spectator* I visit college campuses frequently, and from these anthropological expeditions I have concluded that today's youth are unsatisfied with the false pieties and other ideas bequeathed them by their radical predecessors. Moreover, considering the frayed condition of such aspects of their lives as the educational system, their dissatisfaction is justified.

Simply stated, today's young have been entering a world that extends to them diminished possibilities. After more than a decade of high taxes and low productivity, the America of the early 1980s has not been as abundant with opportunities and riches as the America of the recent past. Given the choice between Mr. Mondale's call for higher taxes and more sacrifices and Mr. Reagan's policy of lower taxes and more growth, the young voters quite naturally favor growth.

They know that they face a very tough time just matching their parents' standard of living. Even if a second Reagan Administration keeps the government from growing more onerous, it is going to be tough. With Mr. Mondale in the White House the fortunate few might improve their economic positions, but not the majority. Is it "selfish" and "narcissistic" for the majority to want to provide for itself? I think not.

The fact is that a new car and a new house are farther beyond the grasp of today's youth than they were for recent generations of young people. Today's youth understand this and recognize that the increased taxes and government regulations promised by Mr. Mondale will move homes and cars still farther from their grasp. Furthermore this generation of young people is the first to be exposed to all the social engineering experiments implemented when utopian liberals gained the ascendancy over our educational and political systems. These young people have been bused from school to school, propagandized by all the pontificators of reform, made into guinea pigs for each progressive enthusiasm that could take over their school system.

My guess is that they are a little weary of it all. Some observers may consider them bleak reactionaries, but as I see it they are merely typical young Americans seeking personal liberty and self-reliance. Nor are they necessarily mindless. The young people I have seen are engaged in a search for ideas that is characteristic of youth. This fall a rising generation of writers is producing a spate of intelligent books arguing against the liberals' gloomy no-growth ideas. If today's young find satisfaction in the ideas of such writers as Charles Murray, the author of *Losing Ground: American Social Policy 1950-1980,* and George Gilder, the author of *The Spirit of Enterprise,* there could be still more lugubriousness in the faculty clubs. And this election could become one of the great political watersheds of the twentieth century. □

Adapted from RET's weekly Washington Post *column syndicated by King Features.*

I REMEMBER MARIO

Every now and again the average, tax-paying, God-fearing American, flipping through his newspaper or glancing at his TV screen, comes away feeling that he is a stranger in a strange land. How many felt this way last month when we were confronted with news stories heralding the return of Mario Savio, the "silver tongued orator"? Do you remember the "silver tongued orator"? Did you want to?

Mr. Savio's oratory was perpetrated twenty years ago at the University of California at Berkeley where he was an accessory to what was called "the Free Speech Movement." His season of glory lasted but a few months, perhaps a year, certainly not much longer. Then time rushed on by. For a while he was a bartender. More recently he was a middle-aged student. Upon becoming eligible for Social Security he might still be a student.

Nonetheless there he was last month back at Berkeley's Sproul Plaza with the press duly embalming the event and sentimentalizing it as only the American press can. Apparently our media intend to relive many of the epic dramas of 1960s youth culture whether we like it or not, although each is to be expurgated of all the sordid details

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so that Americans from every walk of life can sit back and enjoy. In August we relived Woodstock, very little being made of its unappetizing aftermath: drug addiction, venereal disease, petty criminality. Last month it was Berkeley's Free Speech Movement; and again no mention slipped out about the malign results, in this case the damage done a great university.

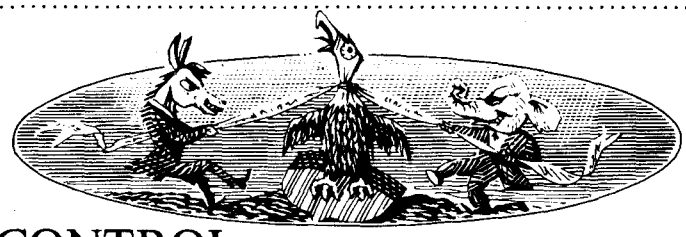
That the vast majority of Americans today do not give the first hoot about the 1960s counterculture seems not to matter. Each commemoration is going to be served up in a warm bath of nostalgia as commemorations of the Glenn Miller Orchestra might be served up in nostalgia. Truth be known those who serve up these nostalgic commemorations are hugely self-indulgent, and it ought not to escape commentary that precisely this sort of 100 percent American self-indulgence is what ultimately sank the Free Speech Movement, leaving Mr. Savio derelict and forgotten.

For a brief and brassy hour he had a place on the national scene. While most of his fellow students were at class preparing for the future he was leading demonstrations and getting arrested—once the gifted orator was jugged for biting a cop on the leg. Along with the other radical fly-by-nighters he was boomed as a prodigy populating "the brightest generation in our history." Naturally within a few fleeting years all these geniuses had vanished from center stage. Today those who spent the 1960s intelligently preparing for the future are stepping forward even as the erstwhile radicals continue staggering about, wondering where Ronald Reagan came from and why so few Americans listen to the Beatles. Well you are only young once, and the sight of Mr. Savio weeping in Sproul Plaza last month over some has-been singer who was a wow twenty years ago reminded me that youth is not only a time for sowing wild oats but also for preparing for adulthood.

Begun in the fall of 1964 as a popular protest against officious university bureaucrats, the Free Speech Movement soon fell under the control of Stalinists and Trotskyists. Its demonstrations against university life were repeated all over the country, as was the movement's collapse into hedonism and anarchy. The tough ideologues of the left began by manipulating the zombies of the already established drug culture, but the America of the 1960s was not the Moscow of the last Czar. Soon the revolutionary types found themselves being seduced by the drug culture and the idiots of sexual utopia. In time, the becalmed ideologues wandered into the cults and the personal growth therapies—though I have known some who became excellent shyster lawyers and shady businessmen. God knows where they all ended up, but I never pass a middle-aged bag lady or her male equivalent without thinking of the bright ones of the 1960s.

As has become the custom with the resurrected heroes of that decade, Mr. Savio last month associated himself with all the virtuous deeds that supposedly followed. He did not take credit for any of the social problems that grew ever worse in the 1970s. Nor did he explain why, if he and his friends were so successful, we have heard so little from them these last 20 years. □

CAPITOL IDEAS



THE COSTS OF ARMS CONTROL

by Tom Bethell

The topic is arms control. Do I hear groans? It *is* dull, I know, and I promise to do my best. But it's important, too. My interest in the arcane topic was aroused by two nearly simultaneous and unrelated events: the arrival at the White House of Soviet foreign minister Andrei Gromyko, who fulfills the classic definition of a diplomat (someone who goes abroad to lie for his country); and the General Motors-United Auto Workers negotiations over a new contract for the labor union.

Now, in the case of GM vs. UAW, we have a real and purposeful negotiation. Let us ask ourselves this simple question: Why did GM enter into it? (Bear in mind that it ended up agreeing to certain provisions it would rather have sidestepped: establishing a job security fund, and so on.) The answer, of course, is that GM had much more to lose if it had not entered into negotiation. The union would have gone on strike, and instead of losing something tolerably small, GM would have lost something intolerably large (namely, total production).

Thus the UAW extracted from GM a compromise, by virtue of its ability to threaten a more burdensome cost. Likewise, of course, GM threatened UAW with an equally severe cost. If UAW hadn't shown up for talks once the old contract expired, GM would presumably have been free to hire non-union workers.

What I am trying to establish here is the underlying basis for negotiations in general. You negotiate with your adversary, and arrive at a compromise, when the other side has the capacity to impose a cost greater than your negotiated concession.

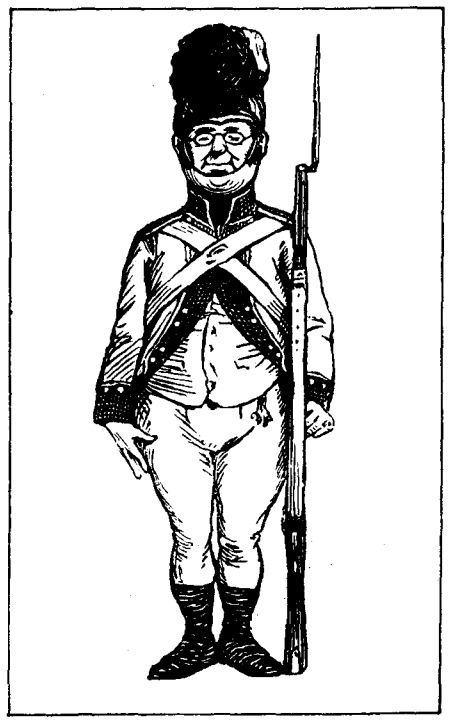
Now back to Gromyko and arms control. The question is: What cost does the Soviet Union threaten to impose on the U.S. if we do not enter into arms control negotiations with them?

Well, what? In order to find an answer to this simple question, I decided to enter the arms control debate at the most popular or "high school" level, as it were—the level at which it is presented to us by *Time* and *Newsweek*. At the time of Gromyko's visit articles were published in both magazines in each of two issues (cover date, October 1 and 8)—four articles in all. Two of these were cover stories. In these 26 pages of copy (13 for each magazine) I would presumably find the answer.

But therein I found no straightforward statement of *Soviet*-imposed cost. *Newsweek* told us that "sources in Moscow were acknowledging that arms talks are a necessity," expressing the cost that we are imposing on *them*, and that "the Soviet military has begun to lobby for the resumption of negotiations" (ditto). This was followed by:

> The Reagan administration also has tangible reasons for wanting arms negotiations, apart from the imperatives of presidential politicking. The European allies are almost desperate for arms talks; NATO's fragile unity could crack if Reagan appears to be dragging his feet. Congress also is applying pressure; if Reagan wants money for his pet weapons projects, such as the MX or his "Star Wars" missile-defense system, he will have to give arms control the old college try.

These are all self-imposed costs, of course. The Soviets do not enter into the picture at all. "Arms control negotiations" based on such a rationale are really negotiations with ourselves. On one side are the appeasement-oriented State Department doves and their media parrots; on the other side the more realistic Defense Department "hawks." The Soviets are not a *separate* side; they simply weigh in on the State Department side. (Gromyko complained at one point, "The tug of war between the groups that determine U.S. foreign policy has been won by the militaristically minded.") →



Tom Bethell is The American Spectator*'s Washington correspondent.*

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The nearest thing to a Soviet-imposed justification for arms control that I could find was this in *Newsweek*: "Nuclear weapons are far more numerous, more powerful and more accurate now than when the process began. Onrushing technology has outdated or outflanked nearly all of the agreements that were reached, so painstakingly, during the first generation of arms control. And now, despite treaties to the contrary, the nuclear arms race is on the verge of leaping from earth into outerspace."

And this: The expiration of SALT II (unratified) next year "could lead to a vast increase in the world supply of nuclear warheads." New technology "soon will make the traditional, bean-counting approach to arms control simply unworkable. . . . If the arsenals are to be kept within bounds, there will have to be a revolution in arms control thinking to match the one that is taking place in military technology."

These are mindless statements, betraying the greatest error of dovish sentiment about arms control: the failure to distinguish between the quantitative accumulation of weapons, and qualitative changes in them. This distinction is the analytical key that unlocks the great morass of data about weaponry in general, atomic weapons included. Bear in mind the distinction between quantity and quality and you can hold your own, indeed win any discussion, with an arms controller; just as you only need understand the idea of tax rates on additional income to understand supply-side economics.

For several years now *Time* and *Newsweek* have persistently blurred the distinction between tax rates and revenues (prices and quantities). Now I find they likewise blur the distinction between changes in, and numbers of, weapons (quality and quantities).

The picture that the newsweekly team of scribes seeks to create in our mind ("onrushing technology," "burgeoning arsenals") is one of two children playing with chemistry sets and coming up with ever more volatile and dangerous mixtures: Unless they are restrained by a third party, they will blow us all up. Danger is imputed to the weapons themselves, and the more advanced the weapons become the more dangerous they are. This is a covert axiom of arms controllers, and it is false.

Probably the real reason why arms controllers don't like the new technology (miniaturization, in particular) is that it makes their job so much harder, indeed threatens to leave them unemployed. In fact, new weapons technology has several important advantages: It renders old weapons obsolete, so that they no longer have to be stockpiled. Atom bombs can be and are being dismantled. *Newsweek* is on shaky factual ground in asserting that arsenals are "burgeoning." As Robert Jastrow pointed out in *Commentary* recently: "Nuclear weapons in the American arsenal are now one-seventh their size 25 years ago, and the total megatonnage of our arsenal is one-quarter what it was then." (This excellent article, the best I have read on arms control, has been reprinted by the Committee for the Free World in New York.)

Jastrow's key point is that new weapons soon will be so accurate that they need not be nuclear. I mean, if you can put a missile down the Kremlin chimney, it doesn't have to be nuclear, does it? If you can hit the actual missile in a silo, TNT will do the job. And if you can hit it in space with a laser beam (this is what they mean by "Star Wars"), then nuclear missiles are a thing of the past. Liberals are forever saying how nice it would be to live in a nuclear-free world. But their lack of enthusiasm for defensive, non-nuclear weapons that would neutralize nuclear ones raises doubts about their sincerity.

Are Catholics STUPID ?

There is a tenacious myth in America that says Catholics are stupid, ignorant, and superstitious. Moreover, there is a prejudice among **modernist** Catholics that those Catholics who **really** believe in the Bible, the creeds, tradition, and the Church are intellectually feeble. After all, it's said, **there aren't even enough intelligent orthodox Catholics to support a decent journal of opinion.**

Well, the NEW OXFORD REVIEW has arrived on the scene to dispel those falsehoods. You see, we believe that orthodox Catholics need a high-grade magazine that really speaks to the mind as well as the heart, that speaks Truth with clarity, verve, and style. The liberal Protestants have their *Christian Century,* the Evangelicals have their *Christianity Today*, the liberal Catholics have their *Commonweal*, and the Jews have their *Commentary*. But **orthodox Catholics have nothing comparable in the field.** The above-mentioned magazines are distinguished and influential trend-setters, and the time has come to give them some serious competition!

Orthodox Catholics have newspapers, quarterly journals, family magazines, and clergy magazines, but they have no "literary" magazine that can speak with the same authority and "weight" as a *Commonweal* or a *Commentary*. That is why the NEW OXFORD REVIEW has made its appearance. Born in 1977 and published 10 times a year, we've already made a mark. *National Review* calls us "first-rate" and *Newsweek* has conceded that we are "thoughtful," even praising our "childlike exuberance." The *National Catholic Register* has said that "for sheer feistiness and guts, it's hard to top the NEW OXFORD REVIEW." Even the "magisterial" *New York Times* has had to take notice.

Our contributors include the best orthodox Catholicism has to offer: Francis Canavan S.J., Christopher Derrick, Joseph Fessio S.J., Paul H. Hallett, James Hitchcock, Msgr. George A. Kelly, James Likoudis, Ralph McInerny, John T. Noonan Jr., Kevin Perrotta, James J. Thompson Jr., S.L. Varnado, and Paul C. Vitz.

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The reason, I suspect, is that a "Star Wars" defense is a highly unwelcome prospect for the Soviet Union, although the etiquette of détente which *Time* and *Newsweek* live by would prevent them from saying any such thing. The key point here is that, while the U.S. is a real economic power, the Soviet Union is a slave society, with a nuclear-derived capacity to cow the rest of the world and little else. If nuclear weapons are subtracted from the world, we are left with only one superpower.

We find it said that such a technological development is potentially "destabilizing," because in the words of *Newsweek*: "If Moscow believed Washington was close to neutralizing the Soviet threat, it might be provoked into launching a preemptive strike of its own."

This is as clear a statement of appeasement as one can find: If the Soviets fear that they might not be able to destroy us next year, then they might try to destroy us right away. So let's buy a little more peace by not defending ourselves too well. By innuendo, *Time* and *Newsweek* managed to present *Reagan* as the real threat to peace (with his "failure to talk peace," with his "recurrent image as a diplomatic gunslinger," etc.), but their veiled appeasement tells us where the liberals really think the danger lies.

As a free society, the U.S. will always enjoy a technological lead in an arms race with a slave society—but only if we do not tie our own technical hands with self-defeating "accords." And here the comparative disadvantage of free societies is that they will always contain in their midst renegades and Soviet apologists, militantly suspicious of their own country and willing to blow the whistle the minute they suspect their governments aren't abiding by self-imposed restrictions. *Newsweek* noted, for example, that critics of "Star Wars" say it "would violate previous treaties"—a good argument against treaties, not against Star Wars.

One must be on the alert, then, for any attempt to mislead the United States into signing an agreement that would trade away *our quality for their quantity*. Notice, by the way, that in his interview with Dusko Doder of the *Washington Post*, Konstantin Chernenko, the Soviet "leader," urged that "the nuclear powers freeze quantitatively and qualitatively all nuclear weapons." And we do find just such disadvantageous tradeoffs under discussion right now. According to *Time*: "Some people in the State Department would indeed like to use S.D.I. ["Star Wars"] as a bargaining chip to be traded away, or significantly restricted, in the course of negotiating reductions in nuclear arms of all sorts." Their quantities (increasingly unverifiable in any event) are to be traded for our quality (to be scrupulously monitored by our State Department types).

Arms control strikes me as being a sham from beginning to end. Instead of asking whether it can "work," we should be asking who is promoting it, other than Soviet generals (understandably). Who are these unnamed State Department people? Who is this Strobe Talbott, *Time* magazine writer, "the nation's most respected author in this field" according to his admirer Walter Mondale? In the summer of 1969, at the age of 21, he worked in *Time*'s Moscow bureau, and soon thereafter collated and translated Khrushchev's memoirs. The prologue to that book, ostensibly by Khrushchev, is thought to have been written by Talbott himself, and the manuscript, of uncertain provenance, may have been passed on to Western hands by the KGB agent, Victor Louis.

Perhaps we should take a closer look at Master Talbott and his writings in a later issue. □

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Gregory A. Fossedal

THE UNACCOUNTABLE MYSTIQUE OF PAUL VOLCKER

Some call him the second most powerful man in the world—second to none.

He is, by most accounts, "the second most powerful man in Washington," with perhaps the chief dissent coming from those who regard that formulation as an understatement. His press clippings read like the advertisement for a Steven Spielberg film. "The most brilliant politician of our age," says Steve Forbes, younger half of the business magazine dynasty. "Superbureaucrat," echo columnists Evans and Novak, only half-snidely. Congressman Jack Kemp has already worked him into the series of wry denials that presidential candidates, like Kemp, are expected to utter when asked if they are presidential candidates: Questioned about his 1988 intentions by a student journalist, Mr. Kemp said he was shooting "for a position of real power and influence. . . . I want to be chairman of the Federal Reserve."

Politicians and journalists may be suspected of overstatement, but those who harbor any doubt of Paul Volcker's power need only watch the financial markets. Show up on Wall Street on a Thursday afternoon and you will see the frantic trading that follows the Fed's weekly release of "money supply" figures. By 4:00 many New York marketing men and lawyers are already packing up a bit of reading and catching the train to Morristown, Scarsdale, or Greenwich. Trading on the New York stock exchange has already stopped. But the bond markets are still open, and in the great financial houses such as Salomon Brothers and Merrill Lynch, analysts wait by the phone like Carl Lewis straining at the blocks, ready to place their order on a moment's notice. At 4:15, in come the M-numbers. The runners are off.

In the frantic trading that follows, bond prices can move up or down by the interest rate equivalent of roughly half a point. Also open is the Chicago stock market, where on one afternoon in 1982 the Standard and Poors index fell a full 180 points in the minutes after the M-1 money figures were announced. Commodities markets lurch up and down in tandem. Few attempts have been made to aggregate the value of these trading orgies, but a quick check with several economist friends suggests that stock, bond, and commodities prices may rise or fall by $100 billion in a few minutes—all the result of a weekly money supply figure that usually rises or falls less than $5 billion.

It is not that these arcane statistics have any intrinsic significance. The weekly figures will be revised several times over the next few years; often what appeared to be a jump of $2 billion was a fall of $3 billion. All out of a $4 trillion economy.

And yet, the reaction, though annoying to Volcker and the Fed, is in some way correct, because the weekly money supply figures are one of the few indications the market will get about whether the Fed will buy or sell bonds in the coming days. The meetings of the Fed's Open Market Committee, after all, are secret, to be announced weeks later, and then only after another meeting has taken place that may have wiped out the effects of the meeting just announced anyway. Academicians may dispute whether the Fed, in the long term, has the power to "control" various economic variables. In the meantime, however, those traders have to deal with what they see as a central reality: The Fed sets interest rates, and its actions over the coming days can make or break fortunes, indeed, whole banks (Continental Illinois) and nations (Brazil, Argentina, Nigeria).

The frantic traders are simply trying to guess what the Fed will do next. They know that the estimate of past money supply figures is one of a number of "complex factors," as Volcker puts it, that the Fed uses to evaluate whether it has set interest rates too high, too low, or about right. A slight jump in the money figures, though unimportant in itself, might lead the Fed to fear the economy is "overheating." If so, the Fed will raise interest rates. A fall in the money supply could signal that "inflation is still under control" to the Fed's eye. That would allow Volcker to lower interest rates in the coming days. A skim through the financial pages reveals such assessments as "Dow-Jones Industrial average closed down 6.07 . . . on rumors—later denied—that the Fed was to increase its discount rate." Or, "Industrials surge 26.17 in Late Rally on IBM Profit, Expected M-1 drop."

Few would dispute Volcker's raw influence over such events. Beyond that, however, there is little agreement about this complex man and his role as key economic policy-maker through four administrations. To some, Volcker is the devil incarnate, the man, depending on your view, who savaged the reelection prospects of Jimmy Carter in 1979 with his deliberate policy of double-digit interest rates, or who helped smash the Bretton Woods gold standard as a key Nixon Treasury aide. To others, he is a kind of monetary Mother Teresa, the man who first whipped inflation and then ushered in the Reagan prosperity. But to most, Volcker, and indeed the Fed as an institution, are simply confusing, a group of bankers who publish arcane reports about the effects of increasing the efficiency of reporting on lagged reserves, and who thus can be safely ignored. As Walter Mondale put it, and as most politicians and editorial writers seem content to have it, let the experts debate such technical issues as "price rules" and the "money supply." We can all concentrate on the really important economic variables,

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like cutting the deficit and increasing the personal savings rate.

Those who have studied the Federal Reserve even a bit believe that this view is profoundly mistaken. You can observe a lot by watching, as Yogi Berra noticed, and most who watch the Fed regularly conclude that it has more influence over the economy than any other single institution in the country. One cannot afford to ignore it and hope to produce stable prices and growth any more than one can afford to ignore military waste and hope to build support for a strong defense. The actions of Volcker will be critical to the fate of a second Reagan term, even the President's ability to trim the federal deficit.[1]

Broadly speaking, the chairman of the Federal Reserve has three jobs.

First, he is supposed to keep the Fed nonpartisan, above the political fray. One can quibble about how reasonable this objective is. John T. Wooley, who recently conducted a rare study of the Fed for the Brookings Institution, writes: "The notion that such an important body could not be involved in politics is simply a delusion." Even in behaving so as to guard its own independence, the Fed is engaging in a kind of politics. Still, there is a consensus of sorts that the Fed should strive, however imperfectly, to achieve a kind of League of Women Voters status, and the closer it comes, the better.

Second, the chairman of the Fed serves as top regulator of the nation's banks. Along with such institutions as the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation, his staff audits the balance sheets to make sure that loans and statements reflect their true value. The goal is to protect savers and investors from a return to the rickety, house-of-cards structure that collapsed in the Great Depression.

And third, the chairman manages monetary policy: buying and selling bonds, raising and lowering the federal funds rate, and using other tools in pursuit of the ultimate monetary objective—price stability. In the past, the Fed did this either by targeting the price of gold (roughly, 1944-71) or interest rates (1971-79) or the money supply (1979-82). But today, it is more or less up to the Fed's *ad hoc* discretion, its "feel for things." From the right money policy, it is assumed, will flow low interest rates, steady and high employment, and economic growth, provided there are no world wars, trade wars, or grossly irresponsible fiscal policy.

Has Volcker performed these tasks well? Certainly the Fed has more power today, and in that sense is more "independent" of Congress. But in the same sense, the Fed may be more political than at any time in its history. One example is the debate over the federal deficit, a debate that Volcker regularly engages in, lecturing Congress on the front pages that its failure to raise taxes is ruining the economy. (And when Volcker appears on the hill, characteristically, he is not the ball but the bat, telling the congressmen what to do about taxes, spending, and regulation, rather than answering their questions about what he is doing to interest rates, inflation, and unemployment.)

Kemp said he was shooting "for a position of real power and influence. . . . I want to be chairman of the Federal Reserve."

A more concrete example came when George Bush tried to press a banking deregulation bill through Congress in 1983. Many bankers opposed the bill because it would have opened them up to greater competition from quasi-banking institutions such as "thrifts." But the key opposition came from Volcker, who feared the proposal would loosen the Fed's regulatory grip on elements of the banking system. "Volcker rolled us," a Bush aide told me. "He went up against George Bush and he won." Later that year, Volcker joined forces with large banks and the Third World to push a Reagan-backed bill to replenish the coffers of the International Monetary Fund with a fresh U.S. contribution of $8 billion. For a time, it appeared that a hybrid coalition of supply-siders and liberals might block the bill until the IMF was forced to stop foisting its well-known austerity schemes on debtor countries as a price for its largesse. At the last minute, the IMF money was attached to a major housing bill supported by the real estate lobby. Aptly dubbed "The Volcker Housing Bill" by the *Wall Street Journal,* the new hybrid passed by a few votes.

Of course many consider the Fed's clout to be benign, particularly the managers of large banks. Oddly enough, though, not even the banks have thrived under Volcker. Indeed, the system came seriously close to a collapse in 1982 and again this year, and the rumblings continue today. The buildup of overextended foreign lending that began in the OPEC years has been continued and expanded. Rather than forcing the banks to "write down" the paper value of loans that are not likely to be paid back, the Fed has winked at the practice and even encouraged increased foreign lending—without the reforms in Third World economic policy that would make the loans repayable.

Indeed, one New Orleans banker reports that Volcker himself phoned to threaten sterner auditing by the Fed's bureaucrats if his bank did not make a series of foreign loans it considered unwise. Similar charges have been made, to Volcker's face and in print, by former Chase Manhattan Chairman George Champion and ex-Reagan aide Paul Craig Roberts. Volcker has never confirmed or denied the allegations.

By last summer, despite the general economic recovery, the share-to-earnings ratio of major banks—a rough proxy for what stock buyers think the banks' loans are really worth—had fallen below five-to-one, and for banks with heavy foreign loan commitments it was three-to-one. By contrast, most industrial firms enjoy earnings ratios of eleven-to-one or more. A 1984 report from Moody's suggested that the American banking system has never been in worse shape. "The banking system is rotten to its core," says award-winning economist Peter Berstein. Mr. Champion "cannot remember a time when the system was in greater danger, thanks to the poor management of Paul Volcker." Perhaps the best overall gauge of banking health, the Merrill Lynch money-center stock average, fell by almost 35 percent over the last year, dipping to below 140 from a one-time high of 210.

That still leaves the Fed's most important objective, stable prices, and the corollary of low interest rates. The chart below compares Mr. Volcker's performance, from 1979 on, with that of previous Fed regimes.*

One could introduce a hundred caveats. One could point to today's federal deficit, which previous Fed chairmen did not have to deal with. But actually, deficits throughout Volcker's term have been only slightly higher than for other Fed chairmen. In fact, Volcker came into office with the federal budget a mere $30 billion in the red and projected to achieve a balance in 1981. The U.S. was actually in the black if you counted in state and local surpluses, as you should. Even today's "Reagan deficits," years off when Paul Volcker took the monetary reins under Jimmy Carter, are small compared to European countries where lower interest rates prevail.

So one could note that past Fed policy gave Volcker a legacy of inflation that took time to conquer. A good point. But then, those past Fed policies did not arrive out of thin air. Mr. Volcker sat on the Federal Reserve Board as head of the New York Fed from 1975 until his appointment as chairman in 1979. He dissented from the Fed's view only twice in those years, urging a puny extra half a point rise in the spring of 1979, with the consumer price index already running above 10 percent.

One might go back even further and bemoan the collapse of international monetary arrangements in 1971—as Volcker did when he took office, pointing to "years of instability and inflation." Yet it was Paul Volcker, along with John Connally and George Shultz, who engineered those events. As Nixon's undersecretary of the Treasury for monetary affairs, Volcker helped implement wage and price controls and the closing of the gold window, negotiated the first and second

*The Volcker Years, 1979-??

Years	Inflation[1]	Short term interest rate[2]	Long term interest rate[3]
1960-70	2.7	4.6	4.9
1970-79	7.9	6.3	7.7
1979-83	8.8	12.1	15.1

Source: President's annual economic report. [1]Average annual change, consumer price index. [2]Average rate, 90-day Treasury bill. [3]Average rate, 20-year bond.

[1]See my article, "The Deficit Reduction Industry," in the May 1984 *American Spectator.*

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Nixon devaluations of the dollar, and in 1973 completed the transition to the floating exchange rate "system"—as against the fixed rates worked out by John Keynes at Bretton Woods.

Most modern economic texts regard as the chief achievement of Bretton Woods the creation of such institutions as the IMF. Actually, the key provisions were monetary, and it is in that sense that we speak of the agreement's breakup. Under Bretton Woods, all foreign currencies were linked to the dollar at a fixed rate of exchange, and countries were responsible for maintaining their currency at the agreed level. The dollar, in turn, was linked to gold. It was up to the U.S. to protect the whole system from inflations and deflations by keeping the dollar, as John F. Kennedy put it, "as good as gold." What you had, in effect, was world money. And a boom in trade and growth from 1944 to 1971 seldom seen in world history.

Of course such a system also produced friction. The French, resenting the U.S. role at the center of the system, periodically rebelled. Third World nations saw a colonial conspiracy. U.S. presidential candidates sought to manipulate U.S. monetary policy to promote a well-timed boom or bust just before the vote. These are the natural headaches of producing an international currency, but to Volcker, the banking community, and economists, all this hubris was inexcusable. If only the politicians could be removed from the process and money run at the bankers' discretion, the crises would smooth out. What problems remained would be solved by the magic of the market place: If a country started to inflate or deflate its currency, you simply let it rise or fall against the others; the country would only be hurting itself.

The idea of floating currencies also fit in neatly to the nationalist trade policies of Treasury Secretary John Connally. Connally was in search of a way to improve the U.S. balance of trade, reducing the demand for "cheap Japanese imports," without being overtly protectionist. Volcker, and others fascinated with currency manipulation, provided what they thought was an answer: Cheapen the dollar. By changing the unit of account—the dollar—relative to other currencies, such as the yen, the U.S. could somehow change the terms of trade in its favor.

It should be noted that it was mostly liberals who warned of the dangers of this Nixon policy. Conservatives, on the other hand, found the whole notion strangely appealing. Some of them harbored an unfettered enthusiasm for free markets, failing to remember that a well-managed currency makes free markets possible. Others saw it all as a move toward Milton Friedman's argument for a quantity standard for money. Democrats, however, were suspicious, as Volcker found in a series of heated exchanges on Capitol Hill. "Making the dollar worth less," Robert Byrd argued, "will make it worthless." William Proxmire said of the Volcker trade balance theory, "I would like to believe that there will be some decline in Japanese imports. . . . I hope they'll be buying our automobiles and televisions in Japan, but I doubt it. I sure doubt it." Today, a return to Bretton Woods is regarded as a right-wing idea, and it is Democrats who are hypnotized by trade and budget deficits. But in the Bretton Woods era, the arrangement was seen as a popular check on an otherwise dangerous central bank elite.

When Volcker appears on the hill he is not the ball but the bat, telling the congressmen what to do about taxes, spending, and regulation rather than answering their questions.

If Volcker was not running the Fed in the early 1970s, he was surely supporting it. Asked in 1971 testimony if the Nixon devaluation policy and Fed easy money might not be prompting a world inflation, Volcker said: "I think those fears . . . are greatly overstated." In 1972, as the economy slumped, he predicted a quick turnaround: "We take pride in the record of our leadership. . . . We took the painful measures needed to restore the domestic and international strength of the U.S. economy. . . . Our moves will yield major support to our balance of payments in the course of 1972 and 1973 after the present period of initial, perverse effects ends." When all this proved wrong and a second devaluation, along with continuing price controls, was worked out in 1973, Volcker said the program "will attack directly and effectively the imbalances that have plagued world payments for too long." As late as 1979, Volcker told a group of European bankers that "the extreme instability of exchange rates of recent years" would prove to be, "in retrospect, just a historical episode."

In the event, currency manipulation didn't improve either the U.S. balance of trade or "stabilize things." The Volcker devaluations of 1971 and 1973, in combination with the Fed policy Volcker supported, simply led to a quadrupling of the price of gold, massive expansion of the money supply, and the OPEC inflation of the 1970s. The U.S. trade deficit, now carrying huge oil import burdens, mushroomed.

Oddly enough, the resulting "petrodollar crisis" served to advance the careers of such men as Volcker and George Shultz. After all, someone was now needed to "recycle" the dollars flowing to Saudi Arabia. Someone, it turned out, was the IMF and the World Bank. Bankers promoted a number of changes in the 1970s that strengthened the hand of those institutions in dictating economic policy to debtor nations, and the policies, of course, always hinged on tax increases and currency manipulation. To the casual observer, all these reforms looked like a natural attempt to shore up the instability that floating exchange rates somehow had made worse. The real agenda was neatly summed up by Volcker in a chapter he contributed to a book on "World Monetary Disorder": "The object, quite frankly, is to bring a little more international political clout to the IMF."

The Volcker IMF policy, too, has produced dubious results in the last ten years. Third World economies hover near the brink, requiring regular infusions of cash just to make their (artificially low) interest payments. Naturally, the Fed has emerged as a chief behind-the-scenes negotiator in these rescue deals, tacitly underwriting, for example, a series of IMF and private bank loans to Venezuela. Indeed, as veteran Fed-watcher Max Newton wrote, Volcker, alone among men, has been "involved in virtually every major economic decision since 1969."

Reagan and his supporters must thus ask whether the fate of the economy—and thereby, potentially, their hopes for a majority party—can be entrusted to four more years of Volckernomics. The Fed chairman's record of coexistence with Reaganomics is mixed. In a deal made in the spring of 1981, Volcker agreed to support the Kemp-Roth-Reagan tax cut. As a price, however, he demanded almost total immunity from White House criticism of his handling of monetary policy. The result was a drastic Volcker tightening, based on the erroneous fear that the economy was growing too fast and would immediately spark inflation after the tax cut, which produced the 1981-82 recession. Could Reagan endure another such recession in 1985? Can he pass a flat tax bill, or enterprise zones, or any other economic initiative, with the Fed squeezing down on growth, and its chairman testifying that what the economy really needs is a value-added or "consumption" tax?

The record gives little reason to think the prospect of an economic downswing would trouble Volcker. As economists Paul Craig Roberts, Alan Reynolds, and Warren Brookes have all noted, Reagan is the first President in many years to have faced re-election at the height of a sustained Fed effort to slow down economic growth. The Fed's own minutes from spring 1984 suggest that higher interest rates throughout the summer and fall were a deliberate policy designed to slow growth to a level the Fed arbitrarily regards as "sustainable," about 3 percent. Note: If that rate of growth prevails in Reagan's second term, the federal budget deficit will indeed not shrink and may grow.

Perhaps the Fed chairman's attitude toward Reagan was best summed up by a little-reported incident of a year ago, when the President tried to place a transatlantic call to Volcker, who was traveling in Europe. Reagan's aides were having little luck with Catherine Mallardi, Mr. Volcker's private secretary, who was apparently under orders to screen any calls from the White House. So, in a rare display of hands-on involvement, the Gipper himself took the phone, explaining that he would like the name and number of Mr. Volcker's hotel abroad. Ms. Mallardi firmly told the President that she would not disturb the sleeping Mr. Volcker in Europe; "perhaps tomorrow." Chastened, Mr. Reagan agreed to try for an audience in the morning.

The one thing Volcker is certain to do in Reagan's second term is to serve the interests of Paul Volcker. Those interests do not necessarily coincide with the President's. Secrecy, freedom of maneuver, and *ad hoc* discretion enhance Volcker's power; concrete policies, statements, and adherence to the White House will diminish it. A successful Reagan will set his own agenda. A crippled Reagan would have to cut deals for Volcker's support. And let us not forget that most basic human foible, one to which a man like Volcker is particularly prone: envy. Volcker can hardly expect credit for whipping inflation, narrowing the deficits, and ushering in an age of prosperity if all the attention is focused on Ronald Reagan.

The White House seems to be of

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varied opinions on the subject of a Volcker strategy, none very promising. One view is that there is no need to control the Fed. Volcker is doing a fine job, can be trusted, and is completely under White House control. No supply-sider, monetarist, or Keynesian true to his model would say this after the last five years, but the argument survives. It is bound to fade, absent a Volcker loosening in the coming months.

Another school concedes that Volcker may be a grave threat, but says there is nothing that can be done to hold him in check. "The markets and the bankers wouldn't stand for it" if Volcker were removed, one White House aide argues. And short of removal, this school argues, there is little you can do to rein in a Fed chairman.

Actually, if the "market" is any guide, the replacement of Volcker with a suitably knowledgeable man—Preston Martin, Lew Lehrman—might prompt a Wall Street rally. The market reacted favorably throughout 1983 to news leaks suggesting Volcker would not be reappointed. My own guess is that the news of Volcker's replacement would at worst produce a drop on the market one day of 15 points, to be met by a rise the next day of 15 points. It might prompt a major rally. In any case, the reaction of the stock market over three days is no datum on which to base four years of economic policy. As for the notion that there are no levers short of firing Volcker, let me suggest at least four:

First, put a spotlight on the Fed's operations. One bill now in Congress would require immediate and complete release of the Fed's minutes, including transcripts. This would at least clarify what the Fed is up to. There are solid economic grounds for doing so: Markets will function more smoothly if they do not have to rely on tea leaves and $200,000 a year Fed-watcher consultants for information about what the bank plans. And there are ample political grounds for making the nation's most powerful economic institution more accountable.

Second, have a clearly defined monetary policy—the best way to promote accountability. Jack Kemp has a bill to base that policy on the gold standard. Others would prefer a quantity rule (monetarism) or interest rate targeting, and have their own bills in the hopper. Almost all agree, however, that Congress, which created the Fed, can tell the Fed how to conduct policy, and that the economy would be better off with even a bad policy than with none at all.

Third, change the Fed chairman's term to coincide with the President's. At present, a President must wait two-and-one-half years to name his own man at the bank. A number of bills would alter the term to allow a President to appoint the chairman within a few months of his own inauguration. Volcker himself supports the idea, and has offered to step down if such a bill were passed. Reagan should take that offer up.

Fourth, even without taking any of the above steps, the White House could substantially influence Fed policy simply by telling the Fed what it wants. Unfortunately, when Reagan tried this in his first term, his signals were either hopelessly vague or, worse, contradictory. Sometimes Reagan asked for a Fed policy to "continue growth at a sustainable, non-inflationary level." Oh really? And how do you do that?

There are, however, strong reasons to think the President will adopt one or all of these strategies. For one, we have the rising prestige, within the White House and even in *Time* and *Newsweek,* of the supply-side model, which has after all predicted virtually every turning point over the last six years. One only hopes that Mr. Reagan will set himself up for a regular briefing from a Reynolds, Roberts, or Jude Wanniski about the cause of high interest rates or the nuts and bolts of the Fed. He has apparently been doing so in sparse measure through such aides as Bruce Chapman and Edwin Meese, whose understanding of the monetary debate has allowed them to fill a gaping power vacuum on the Reagan team.

Then, too, there are politics. The battle for Reagan's succession is already underway. Jack Kemp seems to be leading a growing consensus in Congress, academia, and the popular press that the Fed must once again be reined in. Though they disagree violently about what Fed policy should be, liberals and conservatives, monetarists and supply-siders alike seem to agree that something on the order of the steps outlined above must be done. Kemp is hardly likely to stop pushing the issue he has championed now that he is unofficially running for President.

One certainty: No President or presidential candidate can safely afford to ignore the Fed. Richard Nixon told me not long ago that one of his "biggest mistakes" was not learning about the operations of the Fed, an ignorance that led him to lose in 1960 and to buy the mistaken arguments of Volcker and Company in the 1970s. George Bush, Howard Baker, and Robert Dole, take note. □

John Train

AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

The key to our defenses may lie just beyond the horizon.

Imagine a city of 5,000 whose inhabitants dwell far below street level and rarely come up to daylight. Why bother? After all, there's nothing you can do when you get to the surface except stand in a confined area, called "Vulture's Row," where you can look around but only walk a few dozen steps.

Virtually cut off from the rest of the world—mail comes and goes at intervals, but there is no telephone—the city makes its own rules. Indeed, in organization it resembles Plato's ideal republic. There are the leaders (Plato's "guardians") and the led. Poverty has been vanquished. All know their place and work pretty much 'round the clock. Fourteen-hour days aren't unusual. As republics go, it's certainly a lot closer to Sparta than Athens: there's little room for art or philosophy, and a lot of emphasis on the martial virtues.

There are some odd features about this city. For instance, every now and again you're conscious of a tiny earthquake: The whole city shudders slightly, and you hear a gasping sound, as though Old Faithful had spouted up above. Then, there's the quantity of electrical wiring. It's almost unbelievable. In some areas if you look up you can see running along the ceiling hundreds and hundreds of conduits, large and small, from the equivalent of fingers to bundles like arms or even legs. If you pulled them all together they might be as thick as a man's torso, or even the body of a horse.

I recently came back from the city in question. It is stationed just off the Persian Gulf, and its name is the USS *America,* one of the fourteen aircraft carriers that form the core of our surface navy, and probably the one that will move into action if the Saudis or their neighbors appeal for air cover against Iranian attack on their territory or their shipping. Much careful general staff calculation goes on in Teheran, Baghdad, Riyadh, and elsewhere about what the *America* represents, with its accompanying ships and their potential reinforcements. If ever fully committed, the *America* by itself could probably destroy the Iranian air force *in toto* and demolish all the significant targets in the country. That, in fact, is its business.

Carrying out that business requires a sophistication and complexity far beyond any normal ship. In fact, the

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America has almost all the components of an airbase on shore: not just jet bombers and fighters and hangars and barracks and munition storage facilities, but a television station, a typewriter repair shop, a jail, and a health club. It has huge warehouses, room upon room full of state-of-the-art electronics, a hospital, and newspaper offices—in all about 2,400 compartments.

Now, a single tiny computer chip these days equals a large conventional calculator. A microcircuit card contains dozens of chips, and amounts to the heart of a powerful computer. Some dozens of these cards make a "black box," whose computing power is almost unimaginable. Well, some of the planes on the *America* contain dozens of "black boxes," equaling whole armies of technicians operating with the speed of light. The support and maintenance of these systems requires a complement of testing machines, which are themselves composed of enormous arrays of microcircuits and are in some instances the size of a small room. The whole repair section has hundreds of men working in it. You might call it an electronic village within the maritime city, representing a commitment of capital and talent that could never be matched by a Third World antagonist. It's required to keep the system going, including AWACs, bombers, tankers, radar jamming planes, fighters, and "smart" munitions. That system in turn produces the extraordinary kill ratios against hostile aircraft—Syrian, Libyan, and so forth—ten to one, twenty to one, fifty to one, that we see in recent air encounters. You need the whole electronic village to make the system work.

It should come as no surprise that the *America* contains very few old-fashioned mariners, men who could take a small boat across an ocean. In fact, it's quite possible that not a single member of the 5,000-man crew could navigate with a sextant, and little chance that if the skipper, like Captain Bligh, were put over the side in a lifeboat by mutineers, he and his key officers would be competent to sail off to the nearest island. This is a different kind of ship, a ship not of sailors but of specialists, right down to the ship's dog, who is used not as a mascot, but rather to sniff out illegal drugs.

This isn't even a ship that allows the men on board to roam the decks. Unlike a cruiser, for instance, with its extensive free deck space, the four-and-a-half-acre flight deck of the carrier is off limits except to the pilots and the men who handle the planes. At any moment an F-14 may come screaming over the stern to land, or be catapulted off the bow. And one of the greatest perils to flight operations is foreign object damage, FOD in carrier lingo. A loose object dropped on deck can be sucked into a fighter's jet engines at the moment of takeoff, with catastrophic results, so not the smallest fragment of litter is ever allowed to remain. Off-duty crewmen wandering around would be all too likely to drop something, even if they were not in danger from aircraft or an inconvenience to the men moving the planes in and out of congested spaces.

Add to this that *America*'s decks are given over to its 90 planes—most of which are lashed into position topsides—and it becomes clear that a carrier is more a part of the air than the sea. Of the 5,000 men on board, half belong to the air wing, and half run the ship. Both the skipper and his executive officer are fliers, as is the admiral whose flag streams overhead as commander of the group of ships of which the carrier is the core. The airmen form the unmistakable elite of the carrier. They are dressed not in blues, like the navy enlisted men who work the ship, nor in khaki, like the officers, but in dark green flight suits with bulging pockets. The carrier itself, to use a term one hears constantly in discussions of naval warfare, is essentially the "platform" for the air wing it carries.

The significance of airpower for today's navy is not difficult to explain. Since 1945, there have been well over a hundred occasions in which we have sent our navy into a hostile environment. In most of them a carrier group was the heart of the force. The unique advantage of naval airpower is that it can be deployed either defensively or offensively, and in a way that administers just the amount of power desired. In a defensive situation the carrier can be extremely useful: In evacuating our embassy in Saigon, the *Midway*'s flight deck was necessary to land the large air force helicopters that were used. In its offensive posture, the carrier can administer the entire spectrum of force, from a mere demonstration, such as sending supersonic jets to scream past a few yards above an objective, to machine guns, cannons, rockets, or bombs, including atomic bombs. So the arrival of a carrier group in a warlike mood is a threat that's always taken most seriously by its potential target. More than one international crisis has simply stopped when a U.S. carrier group got within range. People complain about gunboat diplomacy, but it's a lot cheaper than landing an expeditionary force. Furthermore, not only is putting men ashore, or dropping them, much more of a commitment—you can count on the locals to attack them and you've got to keep them supplied—but you may have a lot of trouble getting them off. A carrier, on the contrary, has its own supply system, and when the need has passed it just drops down over the horizon again.

The Falklands war illustrates the point admirably. The British knew from their intelligence sources that the Argentines were thinking of invading. They didn't want to reinforce their handful of troops on the islands for fear of appearing provocative. But a "fully capable" carrier group in the area early in the game would have ended the discussion. It could have started to sink the invading transports from hundreds of miles away as they entered Falkland territorial waters. There would have been no war.

In short, the carrier is a sword: It advances a deadly point toward the enemy. Right in front of his face, in fact. And like any sword, it can administer nicely controlled force: a silent threat, a feint, a slap with the flat side, a flesh wound, or a deadly thrust to the vitals. If your opponent also carries a sword, having one yourself doesn't establish superiority. However, of all the world's navies only ours has a fully developed air arm. The big carrier, like the skyscraper, is an American specialty (although both the steam catapult and the angled flightdeck are British inventions, along with the mirror-based optical landing control system). It's so complicated and expensive that for the moment we're the only serious practitioners. A number of other navies have limited-purpose carriers, a few have a couple of big ones, but none has a full fleet of carrier forces that can defend itself against all attackers from the air, the surface, and under the sea—and launch its own attacking planes, with its own air cover and refueling aircraft, against the target. That's likely to remain true. It's almost a form of industrial warfare. We're better at that than Russia or China, say, but even more important, it suits our geography. Wyoming doesn't feel like an island, but on the map the U.S. is a huge land mass largely surrounded by water. So just as it was for England in past centuries, our fleet has become our basic line of defense.

In addition, our system of alliances requires control of the seas. Japan has no oil of its own, and depends for survival on a line of tankers, like a procession of ants carrying bits of leaf from a fallen tree back to the anthill, running from the Arabian Gulf across the Indian Ocean and through the East Indies to Japan itself. All across that vast distance there flows, day and night, every day of the year, an artery of tankers a few miles apart bearing Japan's energy supply. If the Soviets ever cut that artery, they bring Japan to its knees. The same is true of the other arteries that run from the oil wells of the Middle East: one through the Suez Canal into the Mediterranean, and the other around the Cape of Good Hope and up the west coast of Africa to Europe. Cut those arteries and Europe starts to die. Threaten plausibly to cut them and Europe starts making concessions, fast.

That is the harsh language of seapower. International politics is harsh. The Berlin blockade was harsh, Eisenhower's use of the atomic threat to stop the Korean War was harsh, recovering the Falklands was harsh. But these things happen constantly. There are several dozen countries at war in the world right now. If we don't want to be limited to either strategic bombers and invasion forces or nothing at all, then we need naval airpower.

A good example lies at our doorstep. If there were a conventional war in Europe, we'd have to supply NATO via the Gulf of Mexico, through which passes most of our ship traffic with that part of the world. But Cuba is a bone blocking the throat of the Gulf, lying just a few miles off Florida. To neutralize Cuba's powerful air force, and the Soviet subs based there, would require tactical airpower. We could reach only part of the island from the U.S. For the rest we'd need carrier-based aircraft.

From a strategic standpoint, then,

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the carrier is irreplaceable. Now, one can find a substitute for the carrier in most of its functions: the Rapid Deployment Force to land troops abroad, missile-firing vessels for fleet action, land air bases for land bombardment, and so on. In practice, however, there are many problems with each alternative.

The Rapid Deployment Force does not really exist, but if it ever does it will have problems in many situations. How do you deploy it where you can't land transport planes?

Missile-firing vessels, in place of carriers, admittedly have a seductive logic to them. After all, just as the airplane has superseded the naval gun, so too the missile—in essence a cheap, nonreturnable aircraft—is superseding the plane. You can shoot a missile at an enemy, goes the argument, without risking the loss of a plane. But to do that you have to move your ship correspondingly close to the enemy. In other words, to spare the plane you put the ship at risk. And you can't fire a missile at what you don't know is there, so you probably need air reconnaissance, again presumably requiring a carrier. Then, a missile carried near the target by plane gives that much more reach. And, as in the Exocet attack on the *Sheffield,* a radar-guided missile, like a falcon, needs to be shown a target and "locked on," which is done by the plane that carries it. There are, in a word, many situations in which the carrier is indispensable even for missile attacks.

And there are many disadvantages to land bases. The last forty years have seen America lose many such bases outright—Cam Ramh, Ton Son Hut, and others—while through combat operations from Korea to Vietnam no one has ever sunk a carrier. Foreign bases are also exorbitantly expensive; they create political friction, and they require their own ground defense. For the sake of overseas bases, America has been forced into exceedingly costly deals with Greece and Spain. At other times the price has been higher, and bases have so aroused local political emotions that they have weakened the position of a government friendly to the United States. Is it any wonder that countries in the Middle East have been sensitive about giving us base rights, even to protect their oil?

And which is more vulnerable? In Vietnam we lost a total of 400 planes sitting on the ground to enemy action—equivalent to more than all the aircraft on four carriers—plus 2,000 damaged. Our carrier-based planes did not sustain any such loss or damage. Targeted exactly, land bases can be hit by missiles at any time. On a lower level of conflict they require infantry to protect them. That infantry in turn requires air power, and before you know it you're hooked. By comparison, a carrier group is the very model of independence and flexibility.

There remains, of course, the great argument: Doesn't the carrier make a huge, lucrative target—especially to the shore-based missiles or the lucky torpedo boat attacks of some two-bit country? Quite true. A carrier in that situation is like a Rolls Royce in Harlem. But the point is that because a carrier has its planes and missiles do the attacking, it's able to stay out of harm's way, well offshore.

It is this elusiveness that makes a carrier a difficult objective to sink. Theoretically, for instance, a ship like the *America* is vulnerable to sub-launched missile bombardment. But in actual fact, a submarine may never be able to figure out where its target is. The carrier, its electronic countermeasures, and the ships in its fleet with their electronic jammers are equipped to confuse an electronic searcher. The Soviets have satellites that look for electronic emissions, but the carrier group as a matter of routine can turn off all its radiation-producing equipment when such satellites, which have a known schedule, pass overhead. The Soviets also have infra-red spy satellites, but they can't do the job through overcast or in foul weather, and anyway can be confused by decoys, as, indeed, can the satellites that look for electronic emanations. The Soviets have visual satellites, but they don't work at night or through clouds. They have radar satellites, but they can be jammed. And indeed, all of these satellites would be attacked on the outbreak of hostilities.

In any event, under normal circumstances, an enemy submarine can be detected 100 or more miles away, even if its presence is not already known from intelligence data, and can be attacked by the ship's anti-sub aircraft.

Other forms of attack are equally tricky. The carrier defends itself with its own fighters, and is in turn defended by a screen of missile-firing warships. In addition, it carries Sea Sparrow missiles, and for close-in defense, Phalanx 20-millimeter guns with six rotating barrels, like Gatling guns. The Phalanx fires 3,000 rounds a minute—50 a second—and sounds like a motorcycle. It is aimed automatically by radar, and bobs about tracking its target almost like a boxer. If a cruise missile gets in close enough, or a bomber penetrates the screen of outlying ships, the Phalanx squirts superhard uranium-core high-velocity shells at it during its last seconds of flight, simultaneously tracking both the target and its own projectiles until there's a hit. The Phalanx should be able to down an Exocet. At that prodigious rate of fire, the Phalanx wears out its barrels in seven minutes, and is worn out completely after an hour of firing—more than it would ever get.

Even if a missile should get through, say an Exocet, it is doubtful that a carrier could be incapacitated. Nine heavy bombs once exploded on the deck of the *Enterprise* in a catastrophic accident, causing damage comparable to nine conventional missiles. That ship was hurt, but was back in flight operations two hours later. In other words, the carrier is one tough target.

One of the lessons of the Falklands seems to be that a specialized carrier may be less useful than a "fully capable" one.

What about the idea of more, smaller carriers? When you stand on the bridge of the *America* and look out at the watery world around you with the skipper's eyes, you become skeptical about that notion. The world's naval staffs are still pondering the lessons of the Falklands, but one of them seems to be that in an unpredictable situation a specialized carrier may be less useful than a "fully capable" one that you can send into action, confident that it can take care of itself. The *America,* for instance, carries not only F-14 Tomcat Mach-2 fighters, but A-6E Intruder attack planes—armed with bombs and missiles—S-3A Viking antisubmarine planes and SM-34 antisubmarine helicopters, EA 6-B Prowler ECM (electronic countermeasure) planes, which mess up an attacker's radar, and other special-purpose aircraft, such as E-2C Hawkeye early warning reconnaissance planes. (The Falklands, incidentally, showed the indispensability of these early warning aircraft.) When you talk about a smaller carrier you have to leave things out—but what? You need fighters to defend the ship and your own bombers; certainly, given the Russians' enormous production of submarines, you must be able to defend yourself from undersea attack; you need reconnaissance aircraft, and so on. Furthermore, if you buy a smaller carrier, sacrificing whatever you have to sacrifice, it still won't be *that* much smaller or cheaper. *America* is about 1,140 feet long, the smallest size that can simultaneously land aircraft and catapult them off. Planes have to glide down, not crash down: You need at least four lines of arresting wires with 40-foot gaps between them, followed by a 320-foot runout, plus on-deck storage space. In other words, a carrier really can't be much shorter, unless you switch to the Harrier type of short-takeoff jet that the British use. Then, however, you are accepting a grave performance handicap against a potential adversary.

You might chop off 150 feet, an eighth of its length, but this could mean sacrificing the all-around capability, so that you would need to send two carriers instead of one into a danger zone, an even more expensive hostage to fortune. Furthermore, they would each have to be defended, so you might end up increasing the size of the entire group.

In seeking a defender of the "more smaller carriers" theory, one is always referred to Senator Gary Hart. He seems to be much the best-known protagonist of this idea. But in examining his statements on the subject, and talking to naval officers who have spent a great deal of time going over this question with him, I strongly suspect that Hart's obduracy on the subject is an *idée fixe*. He does not seem influenced by the facts of the case, but rather treasures it as one of his inventory of "new ideas," perhaps not susceptible to analysis in terms of dollars and cents or the efficient creation of power.

Hart seems to think that we need smaller carriers because we need more carriers. It's the cop-on-the-beat principle, which holds that we have responsibilities all over the world, and the task of discharging them is more than our present fleet of fourteen carriers can handle. Well, the Navy doesn't agree. Like a pack of radio patrol cars, a carrier moves right along. At thirty knots it can arrive from even 2,000 miles away in three days, and with its thousand-mile reach can put its planes on the target after two. Military threats don't evolve so fast that the U.S. has to have a policeman on every corner.

But the ultimate argument against more, smaller carriers is probably financial. It costs twice as much to apply the same force using two smaller carriers as one big one, because of economies of scale. In the Falklands, the British had to use most of their carrier's Harrier jets just to defend the ship. So, even if the mini-carrier strategy were intrinsically desirable, it almost certainly isn't cost-efficient.

No, we don't need a new fleet of mini-carriers. What this country needs is a few good ships. □

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Micah Morrison

UNITY IN WEAKNESS: ISRAEL ENTERS A NEW ERA

The strange and mysterious ways of democracy.

Rotation, or *rotatzia* in the Hebrew derivative, is the new *bon mot* of Israeli politics. Labor party leader Shimon Peres and Likud chief Yitzhak Shamir will rotate the premiership under the recently concluded agreement for a national unity government. The unity agreement rotates on an elaborate Labor-Likud formula designed to paper over differences on peace and security issues. The myriad small parties which held the balance of power in practically every government for the past thirty-six years have for the time being been rotated out of office. And the ideological godfathers of the two main currents of Zionism—Labor's David Ben-Gurion and the Likud's Vladimir Jabotinsky—are probably rotating in their graves at the spectacle of the two major parties sharing power in a massive twenty-five seat cabinet.

Israeli politics may never be the same. The results of the July 23 Knesset (parliament) elections and the lengthy coalition negotiations that followed it have reshaped the political map. The socialist Labor Alignment has split, with its left wing—the Mapam party, the Citizens' Rights Movement, and Labor superdove Yossi Sarid—going into the opposition. The conservative Likud has lost some of its right-wing partners, most notably the Tehiya (Renewal) party, which advocates the quick annexation of the West Bank and the Gaza Strip. New parties are on the scene, new alliances are forming. The powerful camp of religious voters is splintered and in disarray. On the extreme Left, two parties which receive the tacit backing of the PLO gained six seats in the 120-member unicameral parliament. On the extreme right, the rabidly racist rabbi from Brooklyn, Meir Kahane, can now be found frothing from a back bench in the Knesset.

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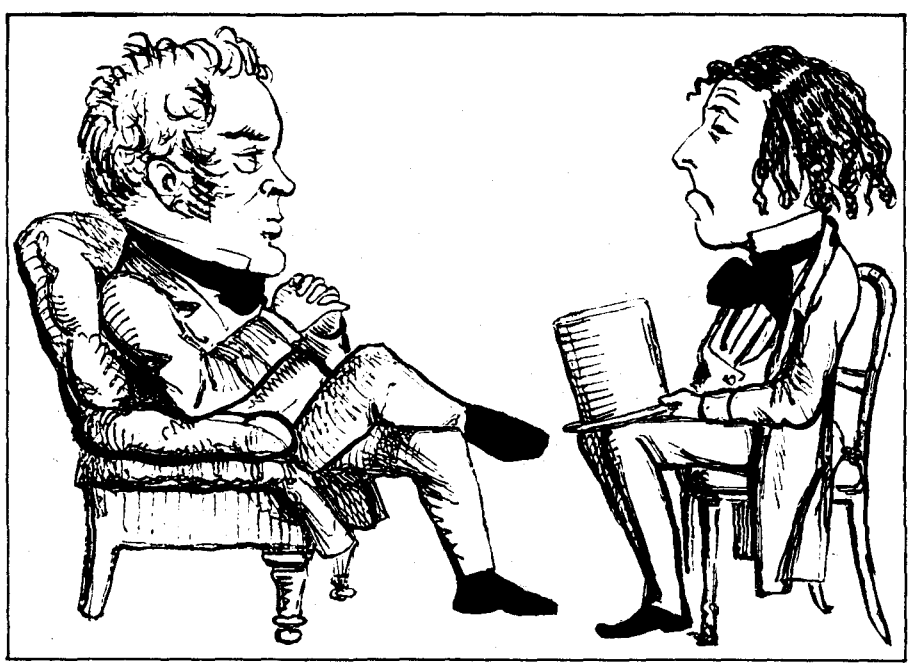
How did this odd turn of affairs come about? An examination of the six-month electoral wrangle that led to the formation of a national unity government may help explain how all of these strange fellows came to share the same political bed, and may help illustrate the nature and pitfalls of Israeli democracy, the life expectancy of the new government, and the problems Israel faces in the immediate future.

Our story begins with the Tami (Israeli Heritage) party of Mr. Aharon Abuhatzeira. Tami is the paradigmatic small party in Israeli politics. Created a month before the 1981 Knesset elections when Mr. Abuhatzeira broke from the National Religious party (itself a major broker in the constellation of small party powers), Tami claimed to represent the interests of Israel's Sephardim, Jews of North African and Middle Eastern ancestry. To many in Israel at the time it appeared that Mr. Abuhatzeira was capitalizing on a period of social tension between Sephardi and Ashkenazi Jews. Ashkenazim are Jews of East European and Western origin, and generally are the better educated and wealthier members of Israeli society. Mr. Abuhatzeira's ethnically based electoral pitch met with some success in 1981, and Tami entered the Likud with three Knesset seats, giving the Likud a slim coalition majority but placing the government at Mr. Abuhatzeira's mercy. Without Tami, the Likud did not have the Knesset muscle necessary to govern, yet Tami's unceasing efforts to feather its own nest with increased budgets had the coalition on the brink of collapse on several occasions.

By early 1984, Tami strategists estimated that the party's strength would soon begin to decline in the face of stiff anti-inflation measures being pushed by the Likud. The Finance Ministry was attempting to slow inflation and trim the foreign debt by reducing ministerial budgets and cutting back on the heavy subsidies on food and fuel. The budget reductions threatened to bite into Tami's pocketbook, and the three-man faction opposed them.

In March, the then-intact Labor Alignment declared its intention to table an early elections motion. Labor argued that the country was being ripped apart by fast-running inflation (some 200 percent in March, more than 400 percent annually by mid-September), sapped by a $20 billion foreign debt, and morally drained by the ongoing conflict in Lebanon and the Likud's policy of increased West Bank settlement. The Likud, however, could at the time point to a relatively low level of unemployment, a continuing slow rise in the standard of living despite inflation, and a healthy degree of public support for its West Bank program. So Prime Minister Shamir and his Likud colleagues were not overly perturbed when they heard Labor's declaration to move for early elections. Only a few days before, Mr. Abuhatzeira had assured his partners in government that he would stay in the coalition. Labor could muster only fifty-six opposition votes; it needed at least five more to pass the motion, and all Likud coalition members seemed firmly in hand. But something was rotten in the coalition, and by the time Likud realized the bad smell was coming from Mr. Abuhatzeira it was too late.



On March 22, Mr. Abuhatzeira threw the political world into turmoil when he announced he would vote for Labor on the early elections motion. Feeling the budget pinch and calculating he could go into the next Knesset with more power, he used his three votes and those of two other Likud mavericks to bring down the government. But when the election results came rolling in late in the night of July 23 it was clear that Mr. Abuhatzeira had made a devastatingly bad move, a move that raised questions about his own political future, and about the efficient functioning of Israeli democracy.

Although modern Israel is only thirty-six years old, its parliament

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takes its name from the "Knesset HaGedolah," the Great Assembly convened by the Jewish sages Ezra and Nehemiah some 2,500 years ago. Yet even with all their wisdom Ezra and Nehemiah probably never foresaw the rambunctious and factional nature of the democratic process in present-day Israel.

Sixty-five organizations requested application forms to run in the 1984 elections. Of the sixty-five, twenty-six parties gathered the minimum 2,500 signatures of eligible voters and qualified for the July race. A veritable feast of factions, sure to give indigestion to even the most seasoned political gourmet: the Likud, Labor, former Likud defense minister Ezer Weizman's Yahad (Together) party, no less than four religious parties, the Communist Democratic Front, a radical Arab-Jewish list, two dovish civil rights groups, the Organization of Disabled Israelis, the National Organization for Tenants' Protection, the Movement for the Abolition of Income Tax, the Independent Indian Immigrants, and the Young People's party. The racist vote was represented by the Kach (Thus) party of Israel's Louis Farrakhan, Rabbi Meir Kahane, who advocates the expulsion of all Arabs from Israel, laws forbidding sexual relations between Jews and non-Jews, and a theocratic state in place of a democratic one; the West Bank settlement movement had the Tehiya party; and Sephardi Jews with an ethnic yen could cast their ballot for Tami, or, if they were very religious, they could vote for the ultra-Orthodox Shas (Sephardi Tora Guardian) party. For voters who couldn't bring themselves to choose any of the above there were a number of individuals running on suitably quixotic platforms, including former Likud finance minister Yigal Hurvitz, who called his party "Courage to Cure the Economy," and former Likud minister-without-portfolio Mordechai Ben-Porat, one of the two coalition mavericks who helped bring the government down in March.

Politicians went on the stump throughout Israel, and a cry of protest by columnists and editorialists was heard throughout the land, lamenting the "Americanization" of the country's parliamentary campaigns. The names, slogans, and occasionally even the positions of the parties appeared in a seemingly endless stream of mini-newspapers, flyers, pamphlets, posters, bumper stickers, stick-on buttons, T-shirts, and paper eyeshades to keep away the blinding summer sun. Advertising agencies groomed the images of party and candidate and presented them to the public in peppy radio jingles and slickly edited television commercials.

The television ads were the particular bane of the editorialists. "In adopting this American art form," chided the *Jerusalem Post,* "Israel's parties have gone beyond the model. For in the U.S. each party wages its own campaign, as if they were selling their own beer. In Israel, the parties respond to each other's ads, establishing a dialogue of inanities." Both the Likud and Labor were using highly paid comedians to drive home election points, and the gray eminences at the *Post* ended the editorial with the hope that, after the election, "the remaining men of reason in our major parties [will] review the practice of reducing the challenges facing our nation to a matter of jingles, powder and make-up."

If there were an Olympics for politics, Israel would be a safe bet to win the gold.

But for all its sound and fury the 1984 campaign did not come close to the explosive levels of 1981, when eggs and tomatoes were thrown at Labor leader Shimon Peres and near-violent confrontations between Likud and Labor supporters marred many campaign events. This time, the major parties kept the gloves on. Local pundits linked the milder tone to the absence of former prime minister Menachem Begin, in seclusion since his retirement in August 1983, and to the reduced role of former defense minister Ariel Sharon.

With the election a few weeks away, 1984 was shaping up as a bread and butter campaign. Labor, intent on keeping the campaign low-key, focused on the economy and pushed its dovish wing out of the spotlight. Both the Likud and Labor were aiming for voters at Israel's political center. Labor's television ads sharply illustrated the effects of inflation by quoting the accelerating prices of staple domestic items throughout the seven years of Likud rule, reminding viewers of promises made and broken by a series of Likud finance ministers, and presenting angry man-in-the-street interviews with former Likud supporters. The Likud dealt with the economic issue by stressing the improved standard of living, better conditions in the poor neighborhoods and development towns, and increased spending on social welfare.

Beyond the slogans and ads, not a great deal of practical political distance separated the two major parties. Israelis realized that—no matter which party or parties came to power after July 23—stringent economic austerity measures would have to come soon. On the West Bank issue, and on security in general, Labor was perceived as the more dovish. It expressed a willingness to negotiate a peace treaty with Jordan on the basis of territorial compromise, pledged not to dismantle any West Bank settlements, and not to build any new settlements near Arab urban centers. The Likud mounted a strong defense of its settlement program and emphasized that increased West Bank settlement "prevents the establishment of a PLO state." Lebanon was a frozen issue. Labor, playing it safe, did not energetically challenge the Likud about the goals and price of the war. Both parties said they wanted to get out of southern Lebanon as soon as possible, but that a quick withdrawal would bring chaos to the area and a return of the PLO to Israel's northern border.

As election day drew closer Israelis began to play the numbers game in earnest. Everywhere one went, people were arguing the relative merits of this or that party, and its chances for forming a coalition. Labor thought it would win fifty of its own Knesset seats and be able to form a strong government with the two civil rights groups—the Shinui (Change) party and the Citizens' Rights Movement—and with the possible addition of Ezer Weizman's Yahad party. Yahad, created a few months before the election, was predicted to make a very good small party showing, with five to seven seats forecasted in the early polls. The Likud was counting on a coalition with the religious parties, the Tehiya settlement party, and possibly with Yahad. Sixty-one is the magic number in Israeli politics, and both major parties approached the day of decision with wary confidence, insisting that they would be able to put together the sixty-one seats necessary for a Knesset majority.

If there were an Olympics for politics, Israel would be a safe bet to win the gold. Voter participation is the highest in the world, running at an average of 80 percent, and political training starts at a very young age. "I'm for Labor," said one precocious eight-year-old. "The prices at the candy shop have gone way too high." This little girl went on to give a fairly accurate estimate of the chances for a Labor-led coalition. On the streets, half-naked urchins handled much of the distribution of pamphlets and flyers. And many of the parties made use of the little darlings in television ads, where the child stars of tomorrow smiled fetchingly while a voice-over warned of doom if the opposition came to power.

But on July 23 it was time for the grown-ups. Election day is a national holiday and many Israelis took advantage of it by voting early in the morning or late in the evening and spending the interim at the beach or picnicking in the park. The Central Election Committee paid the bus and plane fares for people who wanted to travel to their home polling stations, the only place an Israeli civilian is allowed to vote. In the military hospitals, soldiers moved among the wounded with voting boxes. In southern Lebanon, portable polling facilities were carried to every army outpost. At civilian hospitals the sick were provided with ambulance transport; and in centers for the elderly, buses were hired to take the residents home for a one-day voting vacation.

By noon, 17 percent of the electorate had voted. Israel Radio reported calm and order at most of the country's polling stations. A woman, naked to the waist, with political stickers pasted

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on her breasts, was spotted walking through the Galilee town of Tiberias. (There were conflicting reports as to whether the stickers were Likud or Labor.) At a Beduin Arab village, an arrangement was made for two feuding tribes to vote at the area's sole polling station without killing each other; one tribe voted in the morning, the other in the evening. In Jerusalem's religious Bayit Vagan neighborhood, residents protested about the election officials' immodest dress and refused to vote until the officials went home and changed. And in the ultra-Orthodox Mea Sharim neighborhood the issue was not who to vote for, but whether to vote at all. Some ultra-Orthodox Jews oppose the state of Israel, which they say cannot be formed until the Messiah comes. These people were offering citizens a hundred dollars not to vote. One simply had to deposit one's identity card (necessary for voting) and pick it up the next day. Where did the pay-off money come from? a reporter asked. From religious Jews in America, came the reply.

By three o'clock 40 percent of the vote was in, by six o'clock 54 percent, and by the time the polls closed at ten o'clock 78.5 percent of the Israeli people had voted. There were several incidents of angry voters tearing up the polling slips of parties they didn't like, political posters had been ripped down in Mea Sharim, and in a few Arab towns and cities there were reports of Communists intimidating voters, but in general the election process had proceeded smoothly, much to the relief of election officials. That was the good news. At 2:00 a.m., when most of the results were in, came the bad news: Nobody won.

Fifteen parties won seats in the Knesset. The Likud won forty-one seats, Labor forty-four. Israeli law directs the President, whose office is largely symbolic, to invite the party with the best chance of forming a government to try and do so. But neither of the major parties could tell President Chaim Herzog that they had sixty-one votes. Once again, it seemed that Israel's future was placed in the hands of the diverse and ideologically divided small parties. Of these, the West Bank settlement party, Tehiya, did best, winning five seats, up two from 1981. The Communist Democratic Front, the National Religious party, and the Sephardi Orthodox Shas party each won four seats. The other two religious parties, the ultra-Orthodox Aguda Israel and the hawkish Morasha party, each won two seats. Ezer Weizman's Yahad party was disappointed with only a three-seat win. On the moderate left, Shinui and the Citizens' Rights Movement each won three seats. The Arab-Jewish party—the Progressive List for Peace—won two seats. Tami, which played a key role in bringing down the government in March, was rewarded for its treachery with a two-seat reduction, from three seats to one. The Likud's former finance minister, Yigal "Courage to Cure the Economy" Hurvitz, won one seat and, in the most disturbing result of the election, Rabbi Kahane's xenophobic Kach party slipped into the Knesset with a single seat.

The situation grew fiendishly complex as parties large and small rushed into consultations, trying to sew up a coalition. At the outset of the consultations, the Labor Alignment, with its allies in .the Shinui party and the Citizens' Rights Movement, could count on fifty votes. The Likud, with Tehiya and Morasha firmly in their camp, had forty-eight votes. Several parties were effectively disqualified from playing a major role in coalition-building right away: the radicals on the left—the Democratic Front and the Progressive List—could be counted on to vote against the Likud, but Labor would not enter into a coalition with them because of their support of the PLO and a Palestinian state on the West Bank. Rabbi Khomeini—er, Kahane—whose disgusting diatribes have repelled the Israeli public for more than a decade, would certainly vote against Labor, but the Likud refused to let him near their attempts at building a coalition. That left Yahad (three votes), the three uncommitted religious factions (ten votes split between three parties), and the single votes of Abuhatzeira and Hurvitz in pivotal positions, if one of the two main parties were to build a narrow-based coalition majority.

Labor, expecting victory, was stunned by the election results. Many in the Likud, on the other hand, were not badly disappointed; they had feared a major defeat in the first election without the leadership of Menachem Begin. Yet rather quickly it became apparent to Labor and Likud leaders that putting together a narrow-based coalition was not going to be easy. A week passed with no progress. Then another week. Public demands for a national unity government grew stronger. Rabbi Kahane's antics and the deadlocked situation brought calls for electoral reform. Rabbi Kahane declared that he would turn the Knesset into a stage for his views and "drive the country crazy." On a "victory march" through the Old City of Jerusalem, Kahane and his followers harassed Arab shopkeepers and shouted "Arabs out of Israel!" Dovish groups countered with a march of their own, handing out leaflets saying that Israel wanted to live in peace with the Arabs. Speaking a few days after the election, the mad rabbi made his views "clear." "A democratic Jewish state is a contradiction in terms," he said at Jerusalem's Beit Agron press center. "Why? Because the Arabs will have babies and shift the balance of power. Arabs have many, many babies. Tel Aviv has many, many dogs."

"A democratic Jewish state is a contradiction in terms," Kahane said. "Why? Because the Arabs will have babies and shift the balance of power. Arabs have many, many babies. Tel Aviv has many, many dogs."

By the end of the second week following the elections, with Kahane capturing world headlines, the economy continuing to deteriorate, Israeli soldiers dying in Lebanon, and still no government, President Herzog asked Shimon Peres—as leader of the party that had gained the most votes—to try and form a government. He urged Mr. Peres to seek the broadest possible coalition. "I sense that the bulk of the people want a strong and stable government," President Herzog said, emphasizing the need for national unity.

Peres, given a maximum of forty-two days to form a government, launched a two-front effort, wooing the small parties toward a narrow-based coalition on one front while opening negotiations with Prime Minister Shamir and the Likud on the other. Over the next five weeks, in a series of power-plays and to-the-brink maneuvers, Peres showed himself to be a consummately cunning and patient politician. In mid-August the Labor-Likud national unity talks stalled over disagreements about the West Bank and negotiations with Jordan. The Likud insisted that an active policy of West Bank settlement continue, and that negotiations with Jordan be solely on the basis of the Camp David Agreements, which speak of a transitional autonomy period for the Arabs of the area. Labor wanted to restrain settlement in certain areas and enter into peace talks with Jordan "without preconditions." With the talks foundering, national unity seemed far away. Mr. Peres turned his energies toward the other parties.

A few days later, he pulled a rabbit out of his hat. Ezer Weizman (three votes) and Yigal Hurvitz (one vote) announced they would not join a Likud-led government. By the end of the week a Peres-Weizman-Hurvitz agreement was signed. This small party shift of positions pushed the Likud back into national unity talks—without Weizman, the Likud had no chance of forming a narrow coalition. Peres pushed ahead with his two-front campaign. Although he hoped the "domino effect" would bring the religious parties into his camp on the heels of the Weizman-Hurvitz agreement, this did not come to pass. The religious factions were at odds with each other, and they were holding out for a better deal: more ministerial posts, a fat slice of power, and an amendment to the controversial "Who is a Jew" law. The amendment, long demanded by the religious parties, would recognize as converts to Judaism only those who converted according to Orthodox Jewish law. It is strongly opposed by religious and secular moderates in Israel and by Conservative and Reform Jews throughout the world.

Meanwhile, as consultations with the religious parties and negotiations between Labor and the Likud continued, Tami leader Aharon Abuhatzeira was being energetically courted by Labor. The single vote of the man who created the whole mess back in March once again seemed pivotal. With Tami, it was thought, perhaps the balance would be tipped to Labor and one or more of the religious parties would follow Abuhatzeira into a coalition, putting Labor over the top. But by September 1 Tami and the religious parties were still sitting on the fence, and time was running out for Mr. Peres. Hope for a narrow coalition was almost exhausted, and two options existed: new elections, or national unity. Peres and Shamir, both facing strong challenges within their own parties and not likely to survive the internal battles which would precede a new election, stopped skirmishing and got down to hard bargaining. Within two weeks a national unity agreement was hammered out, and a new era in Israeli politics began.

The arts of parliamentary improvisation and accommodation underlie the fifty-month national unity agreement. In what is surely one of the most

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unusual arrangements in contemporary politics, Peres and Shamir agreed to rotate the premiership in two twenty-five month cycles. Peres serves as prime minister and Shamir as vice prime minister and foreign minister for the first cycle, and their roles are reversed for the second. Labor's Yitzhak Rabin will hold the Defense portfolio for the entire period. Yitzhak Moda'i of the Liberal faction of the Likud has stepped into the hottest seat in Israeli politics, the Finance Ministry. In addition to the rotating deputy prime minister's slot, there are two other vice premiers, David Levy of the Likud and popular former president Yitzhak Navon of Labor, both men rising stars in their respective parties. Both also hold influential Cabinet portfolios: Navon the Ministry of Education and Culture, Levy the Ministry of Housing and Construction.

The Cabinet has been expanded to twenty-five posts in order to accommodate representatives of every important faction in the Likud and Labor and many of their small party allies. Although the Labor-Likud bloc was more than enough to guarantee a Knesset majority, both major parties wanted the government to have as broad a base as possible. Also, the big parties want to maintain good relations with the small parties in case the government falls and a narrow coalition should again be in the cards. And of course every seasoned politician and coalition-juggler is keeping his eye on 1988 and the next election. Thus, the national unity government includes Labor, the Likud, Weizman's Yahad party, Yigal Hurvitz, the four religious parties, and Shinui. (Mr. Abuhatzeira of Tami played hard-to-get just a little too long and was left out in the cold.) Cabinet portfolios have been divided equally between Labor and Likud supporters, the twenty-fifth post going to the uncommitted Dr. Yosef Burg of the National Religious party.

Since government by a herd of twenty-five potential prime ministers might prove nearly impossible, the unity accord provides for an "inner cabinet" of ten top ministers, five from Labor and five from the Likud. The decisions of the inner cabinet, the accord states, "will be binding on the whole government." The agreement also calls for the establishment of ministerial committees on economics and electoral reform. In addition to the Cabinet, the inner cabinet, and the ministerial committees, it is rumored that Prime Minister Peres has revived Golda Meir's practice of holding a "kitchen cabinet" meeting of ideological allies on Saturday nights, prior to the regular Cabinet meeting on Sundays.

On the controversial issues of West Bank settlement and peace negotiations with Jordan, the accord has something for everybody. To satisfy the Likud on the negotiations issue, clause nine of the Basic Policy Guidelines section of the accord states that "the Government will work to continue the peace process in keeping with the framework for peace in the Middle East that was agreed upon at Camp David, and to resume negotiations and to give full autonomy to the Arab residents" of the West Bank and Gaza. To satisfy Labor, clause ten states that "Israel will call on Jordan to begin peace negotiations, in order to turn over a new leaf in the region. . . ." One clause fits the Likud's view, the other Labor's. On settlements, the pace of settlement will be slowed in line with general economic austerity measures, but "five to six settlements will be established within a year." Another sub-clause states that "the establishment of new settlements will be decided by a majority of the ministers." Given the ministerial parity, it is likely that battles will erupt over the establishment of settlements near Arab urban centers and—if they sense the time is right—one of the major parties may bolt the coalition over the issue. Another potentially divisive issue could be a Jordanian or PLO gesture toward Labor's position of territorial compromise on the West Bank, though in light of the current situation in the Arab world this is unlikely.

On Lebanon, the agreement states that a "withdrawal from Lebanon, within a short period of time, [is] to be fixed by the government," once security agreements for the north are assured. The new government has backed down from the demand for a simultaneous withdrawal of Syrian and Israeli forces, and they now speak more positively about a United Nations role in the area. If U.N. forces and the Israeli-backed South Lebanese Army are patrolling the Lebanese side of the northern border, the Israel Defense Forces may pull back. Jerusalem is cautiously optimistic about a speedy withdrawal—and on the need to get out of Lebanon, there seems to be genuine national unity.

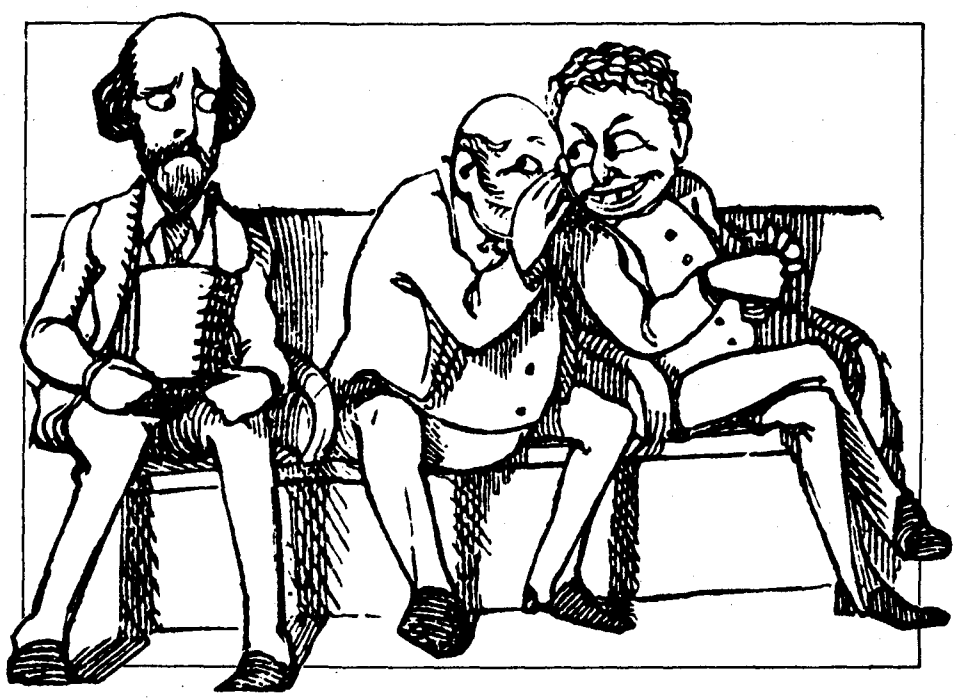
But there is a good deal less optimism about the national unity government's greatest challenge—the economy. In the public's perception, the economic challenge has not been met with clarity and vigor. At this time of writing, after three weeks of national unity government and months of debate on economic measures, Prime Minister Peres and his mega-Cabinet have yet to come up with a clear plan to combat Israel's worsening financial plight. The unity guidelines state that "the socio-economic policy will work to a) reduce the country's economic dependence by reducing the balance of payments deficit, increasing exports, and reducing imports; b) stabilize the economy by checking inflation; c) renew economic growth while maintaining full employment; d) change the structure of the economy by enlarging and strengthening the export and productive sectors, and reducing the proportion of public and administrative services."

The government plans to achieve these goals by reducing civilian and defense expenditures, curbing private consumption, reaching an agreement on a wage and price freeze with the monolithic Histadrut labor federation, encouraging savings and industrial development, particularly in high-tech fields, and reforming the tax system while at the same time broadening tax collection. Clearly, there are contradictions here. Many economists say the country cannot be put back on a firm footing without increasing unemployment, and indeed the latest forecasts show unemployment rising fast. The Histadrut has balked at negotiating a wage and price deal, and Treasury officials are now conceding that inflation will speed up in the coming months. Some economists are predicting a period of stagflation.

Although they have not presented a coherent economic plan, Prime Minister Peres and his economic team have introduced a number of stop-gap measures: The shekel was devalued by nine percent, taxes raised, subsidies on food and fuel cut, a six-month ban on the import of luxury items imposed, foreign currency restrictions increased, and a decision was taken to slash one billion dollars from the budget. (Ironically, the issue of budget and subsidy cuts were the factors that precipitated Tami's move to bring down the previous government in March.) President Reagan's pledge on October 9 to back up Israel's creditrating on the international market, as well as the congressional release of $1.2 billion in economic aid in one lump sum, are certainly welcome measures, but they will do little to help reach the economic goals stated in the national unity accord.

Economics aside, several conclusions may be drawn from the elections. First, the need for electoral reform is pressing. At present a candidate needs only one percent of the vote (in 1984, about 20,000 votes) to qualify for a Knesset seat. This low threshold has resulted in a proliferation of small parties, and small parties can gain a stranglehold on government, as we have seen in the case of the Tami party. Dangerous extremists like Kahane, or simply unscrupulous characters like Aharon Abuhatzeira, can exercise power far beyond their mandate. Second, although there was a slight overall shift to the right in the election, the results reflect an increasing polarization in Israeli society, with gaps widening in attitudes toward the Arabs, the West Bank issue, and religious and secular lifestyles. Extremist groups are staking claims further and further out on the fringes of society. If the economic situation continues to deteriorate and Israel's social fabric—stretched thin at times between Jewish-Arab, Ashkenazi-Sephardi, and religious-secular tensions—begins to rip apart, extremist groups such as Kahane's on the right may increase their strength and bring chaos to the land.

For the Likud, the 1984 elections proved there is life after Menachem Begin, who exercised complete control over the Herut party (the main component of the Likud) during its twenty-nine years in the political wilderness and its first six years in power. Nineteen eighty-four also



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saw the beginning of the political rehabilitation of Ariel Sharon, who, banished to the hinterlands of ministerial responsibility after being found to bear some indirect responsibility for the massacres at the Sabra and Shatilla refugee camps, now holds the influential Industry and Trade portfolio in the Cabinet and is a rising force in the Likud. Sharon, together with Finance Minister Moda'i and Deputy Prime Minister Levy, will shape the Likud of the future.

For Labor, 1984 saw the break-up of its historic partnership with the left-wing Mapam party. After seven years out of power, Labor under Peres now has the opportunity to regain the trust (and votes) of many Israelis who distrusted Labor's drift to the left when it was aligned with Mapam. And having patched over old differences, Labor's Big Three—Peres, Defense Minister Rabin, and Deputy Prime Minister Navon—are moving the party into a new era of shared rule.

Finally, from an American point of view, the elections demonstrated both the vitality and the fragility of Israel's democratic system. Although the new government is for the moment intact, there is some worried speculation in Jerusalem about U.S. pressure on Israel to make concessions in the West Bank following the American election. A forced change in the unity government's carefully charted agreement on the West Bank and Jordan could quickly bring the government down. And perhaps one lesson of democracy is that the few free nations of the world should be allowed a freedom of choice without external pressure, especially in matters central to their security. Israel needs America standing by its side in order to fend off the unremitting hostility of the Arab nations, much of the Third World, the Soviet Union, and their vapid clones at the United Nations. It needs American financial backing to help set its economy back on course and to help keep pace with a rapid, mainly Russian-provided arms build-up in the Arab world, and it needs the world's greatest democracy standing firm with one of the world's smallest and most troubled democracies. The West Bank and the fate of the Palestinians living under Israeli administration is a torturously complicated issue, combining the moral dilemma of the Arab role in a Jewish state with the strategic reality of Israel's vulnerability. With this in mind, it is best that Israel be allowed the freedom to choose its own course. □

BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS

A book lover's guide for the Holiday Season.

ELLIOTT ABRAMS

For those seeking to understand the Third World, and who also enjoy marvelous writing, turn immediately to V.S. Naipaul. His novel *A Bend in the River* (1979) is arguably the best thing ever written about development and underdevelopment, and should be required reading for every employee of the Agency for International Development.

Two recent books illuminate American politics. The first, the now famous Collier and Horowitz book, *The Kennedys* (Summit Books, $20.95), is for one thing a very good read. The second, Ben Wattenberg's *The Good News is the Bad News is Wrong* (Simon and Schuster, $17.95), is Wattenberg's analysis of the statistical data which emerge from the 1980 census. The picture that comes forth is a country whose politics may be in trouble but whose people are doing better and better. We learn a great deal from these two books about the fundamental health and progress of American society, while simultaneously that society is being attacked by an elite which too often does not share in or admire its virtues. Give them to a favorite friend as a matched set.

A final suggestion for history buffs is Lord Kinross's study of the Turkish Empire, called *The Ottoman Centuries* (1977). It is beautifully written, and it tells us about an area of the world that tends to get lost behind our Eurocentrism and our newfound interest in the Arab world.

Elliott Abrams is Assistant Secretary of State for Human Rights and Humanitarian Affairs.

KENNETH L. ADELMAN

The Devil Drives (1967). Every year merits another biography, so full were Sir Richard Burton's experiences in Africa and elsewhere. Fawn Brodie packs in all this and makes it so enthralling. The book shows what one man with drive and curiosity can do. He absorbed life, and we are the beneficiaries of his amazing absorption.

Hamlet. Believe me, after seeing or reading it annually and teaching it for several years, I find there is a new nugget each time you experience the work. How could Hamlet be such a magnificent human being, yet so flawed in judging people—not just Claudius, but particularly himself?

Lincoln (Random House, $19.95). This seemingly awkward bumbler astonished us all. Gore Vidal shares this astonishment and shows gloriously that in the depths of the Civil War, all we had was his will.

Likewise for Churchill (*The Last Lion*, 1983) in the depths of World War II, as William Manchester proves most brilliantly. One saw Churchill's flaws in the first five minutes, and then spent a lifetime learning his virtues. Earlier biographies (Morgan, Gilbert) furnish endless enrichment of those virtues.

Charles XII (1895). A peaceful, sensitive, kind man—"a sweet, lovely rose"—who spent his entire reign somehow in the saddle waging bloody war. He proved a king most royal, who deserved a longer life and better times, but remains at the core both wondrous and mysterious, as Robert Bain heroically portrays.

Kenneth L. Adelman is director of the United States Arms Control and Disarmament Agency.

WICK ALLISON

The Times Are Never So Bad, by André Dubus (1983), contains the most powerful short story I've ever read. "A Father's Story" ripples along until—wham—Dubus plants a fist in your stomach. The man is an artist and his artistry is in his punch—and the spiritual force behind it.

Winter's Tale, by Mark Helprin (1983), is a fantastic tale that transports readers to a Manhattan of the imagination. The biggest surprise to me was not the near poetry of the writing but the fact I was whipping through the pages as if it were an airport thriller. It is a magical argument for faith, a deserved best-seller.

The Big Sleep, by Raymond Chandler. Well, really, *anything* by Chandler. Our Shakespeare of 1930s Los Angeles is the single best underrated writer this country has produced. The sentences crackle; you end up reading entire paragraphs aloud to savor the similes.

Silence, by Shusako Endo (1979), is a Japanese Catholic's recounting of the agonies of the first missionaries. A masterpiece.

The Cahill Catalogue, by Tom and Susan Cahill (Cahill & Co., Dobbs Ferry, New York). They recommend books and sell them. But only books they like. I discovered Dubus and Endo through their quarterly catalogue, as well as some Chandlers I hadn't read. Absolutely the best present you could give a true reader is a gift certificate and the Cahills' taste.

Sorry that I can't recommend anything to read in the art field, but very little in the art field is readable. Except *Art & Antiques,* but it's not a book (even though it's prettier and comes ten times a year and only costs $36).

Wick Allison is editor in chief and publisher of Art & Antiques.

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JOSEPH A. CALIFANO, JR.

Let me suggest the following: Frederick Forsyth, *The Fourth Protocol* (Viking Press, $17.95); Richard J. McCormick, S.J., *Readings in Moral Theology Number 4: The Use of Scripture in Moral Theology* (Paulist Press, $9.95); Curtis Bill Pepper, *We the Victors* (Doubleday, $17.95); Elizabeth Drew, *Politics and Money: The New Road to Corruption* (Macmillan, $4.95 paper).

Of these books, I would recommend Elizabeth Drew's to every American who cares about the integrity of our national government. It is the most revealing book about how money is corrupting American politics.

Joseph A. Califano, Jr. is senior partner in the Washington office of Dewey, Ballantine, Bushby, Palmer, and Wood.

BRUCE CHAPMAN

New books, strategically designed to help the right side achieve superiority in the intellectual arms race: George Gilder's prophetic witness to what entrepreneurship is doing to assure America's future, *The Spirit of Enterprise* (Simon and Schuster, $17.95); Charles Murray's jackhammer pounding of the foundations of the liberal welfare state, *Losing Ground* (Basic Books, $23.95); Ben Wattenberg's neoconservative lament for the pessimism of over-bred, under-experienced liberals, *The Good News is the Bad News is Wrong* (Simon and Schuster, $17.95); R. Emmett Tyrrell's delicious chronicle of the rise and pratfall of the new left, *The Liberal Crack-Up* (Simon and Schuster, $16.95); and Representative Newt Gingrich's explanation of how the Republican Platform would have read if he had written all of it instead of only most of it, *Window of Opportunity* (St. Martin's Press, $14.95).

Old books: the well-written and wise children's classics that one works ever harder to find, and nine times out of ten show up only in second-hand book stores. Before I have no child left to read to, won't someone publish an affordable library of the great and near-great traditional children's classics? Mr. Regnery?

Bruce Chapman is deputy assistant to the President.

MARVA N. COLLINS

Bouvard and Pécuchet, by Gustave Flaubert. This unfinished novel presents an example of Flaubert's passionate feelings against the middle class. It shows his persistent pessimism regarding their aspirations and abilities, and also his hatred of every aspect of their lives. Indeed, the novel becomes almost a caricature of the way in which a great mass of people lived in his time. Although it was unfinished at his death, Flaubert's notes show he planned to make the two men move in a full circle, eventually returning to the same point at which the novel begins. In doing this he meant to show them incapable of ever overcoming their plight.

This story shows that many people with great minds are trapped by circumstance. It also demonstrates that many times the less fortunate wish for greater things in life only to find that obtaining these things only increases their frustration. The book also shows how genuine friendship can be hampered by success and money.

The book clearly demonstrates the philosophy that we should be careful what we wish for; we just may obtain it only to find out that we did not want it in the first place.

The Black Arrow, by Robert Louis Stevenson. Stevenson has long been called the children's poet and writer. This is a historical book intended primarily for young readers. It is set in the fifteenth century. The historical background of the plot deals with a minor battle of the War of the Roses and the appearance of the infamous Richard, Duke of Gloucester, as a young soldier. More interesting are the swiftpaced adventures of Dick Shelton in his attempts to outwit his scheming guardian, Sir Daniel Brackley. Children have been fortunate that one of the gifted writers of the last century lent his talents to their pleasure. For young readers this is a rare story of courage, determination, and loyalty.

Brave New World, by Aldous Huxley. Today when many Americans feel that our problems are new, unique, and never before experienced by former Americans, it is important to realize that people like Orwell and Huxley have formerly written with delightful ascerbity and urbane wit about some of the problems confronting Western civilization today.

101 Famous Poems, an anthology compiled by Roy J. Cook (1981). Today poetry has almost become as extinct as seeing a dinosaur on the expressway. I thoroughly enjoy reading over and over again such selections as: "The Builders" by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, "House by the Side of the Road" by Sam Walter Foss, "Trees" by Joyce Kilmer, Kipling's "If," and so many, many other treasures that have become a missing part of contemporary life.

I would like to see poetry reading and memorization once again rekindled in American homes. What a wonderful way to spend the Christmas holidays.

The Complete Works of Charles Dickens. Whether it's Little Dorrit in Dickens's *Old Curiosity Shop,* or Agnes pointing upwards for her students in *David Copperfield,* or the best of times and the worst of times in *A Tale of Two Cities,* I feel Dickens was perhaps one of the most humane writers of his time. I believe that one of Dickens's works can teach us more about life than all of the theories and studies in the world.

The Horatio Alger Stories. In a time when many youngsters feel that we live in an issue-a-week society and a psychedelic light-show ambiance, I find that the struggle for success represented in the Horatio Alger stories reminds us that no ladders are ever thrown us in life, and that the climbing must truly be our own. We also learn that God is not some cosmic bellboy that comes at our beck and call, and that hard work, determination, courage, and perseverance are still the mainsprings of the American dream. The characters in the Alger books clearly, to me, represent the Puritan work ethic, and the magnificent dream started in 1776 by our Founding Fathers.

Marva N. Collins is director of the Westside Preparatory School in Chicago.

EDWIN J. FEULNER, JR.

If I could recommend only one book for everyone, it would be F.A. Hayek's *Road to Serfdom.* I have never read a more profound work, nor a more eloquent warning against the dangers of government intervention.

Forty years after its publication, we are still facing the questions that Professor Hayek raised. Discussions of industrial policy, "mixed economies," and protectionism indicate that we have not heeded Hayek's warning: There is no middleground between competition and planning.

Two excellent companion volumes to *The Road to Serfdom* would be the recently released *Essence of Hayek,* edited by two former students of Professor Hayek, Chiaki Nishiyama and Kurt Leube (Hoover Institution, $27.50), and *Hayek: His Contribution to the Political and Economic Thought of Our Time,* written by Eamonn Butler (Temple Smith, £4.00 paper).

Essence of Hayek includes reprints of many of Hayek's best essays: "Inflation, the Misdirection of Labour and Unemployment," "The Use of Knowledge in Society," "Competition as a Discovery Procedure," "Why I am Not a Conservative," and much, much more. It is an excellent overview of Hayek's work for those who have just discovered this Nobel Laureate in Economics, and it is the perfect gift for those of us who like to read our favorite essays over and over.

Dr. Butler's book, on the other hand, is more than a collection of Hayek's essays. It is a lucid interpretation of his writings on economic and political thought, and his effect on the debates of economics and political science.

Charles Murray's new book, *Losing Ground: American Social Policy 1950-1980* (Basic Books, $23.95) is also very important. Murray, a senior fellow at the Manhattan Institute for Policy Research and an expert on welfare and social programs, has drawn on a vast body of social science data and written a book that even I can understand. He explains why our social programs have actually exacerbated our social problems. (In his own words: "The most troubling aspect of social policy toward the poor in late twentieth-century America is not how much it costs, but what it has bought.")

He offers no easy answers. In fact, he calls for a rethinking of our entire approach to social programs: What are we trying to accomplish? What is the justification for transfers? How do we measure "success" in assessing a transfer?

My final two suggestions have probably already been mentioned in this issue, but I would like to add my recommendation: *Tyranny of the Status Quo* by Milton and Rose Friedman (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $10.95) and *The Spirit of Enterprise* by George Gilder (Simon and Schuster, $17.95).

Edwin J. Feulner, Jr. is president of the Heritage Foundation and publisher of Policy Review. *He is chairman of the U.S. Advisory Commission on Public Diplomacy of the U.S. Information Agency, and he serves on the boards of numerous other foundations and research institutes. (Modesty prohibits him from including* his *book* Conservatives Stalk the House *among his recommendations.)*

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JOHN GAVIN

Plato: *The Dialogues* (especially *The Republic).* "The direction in which education starts a man will determine his future life."

Cervantes: *Don Quixote.* "Youngsters read it, grown men understand it, and old people applaud it."

Darwin: *The Origin of the Species.* "We will now discuss . . . the struggle for existence." (Actually, I love *The Voyage of the Beagle.*)

Fitzgerald: *The Great Gatsby.* "Everyone suspects himself of at least one of the cardinal virtues, and this is mine: I am one of the few honest people that I have ever known."

Hemingway: *The Old Man and the Sea.* "A man can be destroyed but not defeated."

John Gavin is the United States Ambassador to Mexico.

WILLIAM M. H. HAMMETT

Diaghilev, by Richard Buckle (Atheneum, $13.95). Czarist Russia provided the dancers and the rest of the world provided the audiences for one of the most extraordinary artistic accomplishments of the twentieth century—the Russian Ballet. Diaghilev was the catalyst and creative force and this is his definitive biography.

The Diary of Beatrice Webb: Volume Two, 1892-1905, edited by Norman and Jeanne MacKenzie (Harvard University Press, $25.00). An insider's account of one of the most successful "reform" movements of modern times—Britain's Fabian Society. Beatrice and Sidney Webb believed in ideas while their opponents believed in politics. Guess which side won?

The Idea of Poverty, by Gertrude Himmelfarb (Alfred A. Knopf, $25.00). Miss Himmelfarb's *dramatis personae* include Dickens, Thackeray, Mill, Disraeli, Marx, Tocqueville, Burke, and Malthus; her narrative is "pauperism" in early industrial England. The cultural and political dimensions of social thought are compellingly demonstrated, and one hopes that her colleagues in the history profession will follow her method.

Lydia Lopokova, edited by Milo Keynes (1983). The catalogue of memorable miscalculations surely includes Bloomsbury's grave misgivings about Maynard Keynes's marriage to a Russian ballerina. Miss Lopokova, later Lady Keynes, fooled them all and this collection of essays reveals a remarkable woman as well as a fresh perspective on her husband.

Losing Ground: American Social Policy 1950-1980, by Charles Murray (Basic Books, $23.95). An important work that examines the whole range of programs intended to help the poor initiated by the Great Society, and finds that they were not only inefficient but unjust—in requiring transfers from one group of poor to another.

William M.H. Hammett is president of the Manhattan Institute for Policy Research.

PETER D. HANNAFORD

The Liberal Crack-Up, by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr. (Simon and Schuster, $16.95). Honest, RET did not put me up to this. With wit and logic, he tells us in narrative form what the pollsters have been telling us in dry statistics, to wit: The liberals have had it.

The Experts Speak, by Christopher Cerf and Victor Navasky (Pantheon, $19.95). The authors come up with hundreds of wrong—and hilarious—assertions by "experts" ("If God had wanted a Panama Canal, he would have put one here"—King Philip II of Spain; "Space travel is utter bilge"—Dr. Richard Wooley on assuming the post of British Astronomer Royal, 1956; "The labor camps have won high reputations throughout the Soviet Union as places where tens of thousands of men have been reclaimed"—Anna Louise Strong, American writer, 1936). Alas, on economics, the authors stick it only to conservatives and Republicans.

Christianity, Social Tolerance and Homosexuality, by John Boswell (1980). As a libertarian/conservative, I am bothered that it seems okay for us to be intolerant, even bigoted, on this subject. The author, a Yale scholar, traces society's attitudes about homosexuality from the beginning of the Christian era to the fourteenth century and shows that present prejudices took root about the time of the Crusades.

The Kingdom by the Sea, by Paul Theroux (Houghton Mifflin, $16.95). Although he is misinformed about nuclear power plants by the sea (he thinks they can explode), the author's perambulations around the edge of Great Britain and his observations of British idiosyncrasies make great reading.

The Coercive Utopians, by Rael Jean Isaac and Erich Isaac (Regnery Gateway, $18.95). This is a Baedeker to those folks who, in the name of God, Justice, the Environment, and various other causes, would social engineer us into a radically different America. If you are a member of a "mainline" Protestant denomination, you may wonder after you read this where your Sunday offering is going.

Peter D. Hannaford is board chairman of a public relations/public affairs firm and author of The Reagans: A Political Portrait *(Coward-McCann).*

GARY HART

Ironweed, by William Kennedy (1983). For the beauty of the prose and the strength of his "weak" characters.

The Human Factor, by Graham Greene (1978). For the matchless literary style, his understanding of the human condition, and his treatment of the struggle between loyalty and love.

The Rise of Theodore Roosevelt, by Edmund Morris (1979). For the classic narrative of a gigantic personality.

The Snopes Trilogy, by William Faulkner. For the music, the magic, and the laughter.

War and Peace, by Leo Tolstoy. For all the reasons ever given. It's unmatched and unmatchable.

Gary Hart represents Colorado in the United States Senate.

THEODORE M. HESBURGH

During the past couple of years, I have become intrigued by the large number of books that have emerged regarding the nuclear dilemma facing mankind. In just two years of looking and reading I have amassed two book shelves of which I will here indicate five or six titles.

To understand why things have not been moving forward on arms control with the Russians, *Deadly Gambits,* by Strobe Talbott (Alfred A. Knopf, $17.95).

To understand what would happen if only one thermonuclear bomb were detonated in New York, a novel, *The Fifth Horseman,* by Larry Collins and Dominique Lapierre (1981). While fiction, it is scientifically authentic.

To understand the issues inherent in the nuclear dilemma, *The Fate of the Earth* (1982), by Jonathan Schell, and a follow-up book, *The Abolition* (Alfred A. Knopf, $11.95).

For a similar background book on the dimensions of the problem and some solutions, *Weapons and Hope,* by Freeman Dyson (Harper & Row, $17.95).

For the difficulty of negotiating arms reductions with the Soviets, I suggest two other books, *Kennedy, Khrushchev and the Test Ban,* by Glenn Seaborg (1981) and *Doubletalk: The Story of Salt I* (1981) by Gerald Smith, the chief American negotiator.

There are, of course, dozens of other good books on this same subject, but these would be basic to understanding the true dimension of the problem and some solutions that are possible.

Theodore M. Hesburgh, C.S.C., is president of the University of Notre Dame.

ERIKA HOLZER

The private reading lists of busy people have a way of becoming unmanageable; so much to enjoy, so little time to dip into the pile. My own solution is to create loose categories so that, depending on the mood, I know what to reach for—very handy. My Christmas categories are motivated in part by the holiday spirit, in part by that end-of-the-year mood of sobered reflection one tends to slip into.

For lighthearted pleasure and an irresistible feeling of utter benevolence, it's a toss-up between two animal literature classics—I simply couldn't pick one over the other. Stuff a friend's stocking either with Paul Gallico's outrageously funny *The Silent Miaow* (1964—and still in print!) or, if you can find it, Jacqueline Susann's witty and wise *Every Night, Josephine!* (Bantam, 1972, William Morrow, 1974). You don't have to be a cat lover (*before* you read Gallico's book, that is) to laugh out loud over this first-person "Manual for Kittens, Strays, and Homeless Cats" by the world's most brazenly precocious feline, whose advice includes how to take over a family, buttering up the man of the house, and protecting a whole range of feline property rights! You don't have to know small French poodles to lose your heart to an unforgettable member of the species as she plays havoc with the lives of author Susann and her husband.

For spine-tingling suspense on Christmas Eve (when you can afford to stay glued to the page all night and sleep late in the morning), I recommend Mary Higgins Clark's new Washington-based psychological thriller *Stillwatch* (Simon and Schuster, $14.95), which zeros in on a woman vice presidential candidate who is not what she seems.

For inspiration, read federal judge Herbert J. Stern's *Judgment in Berlin* (Universe Books, $15.95), a fiction-like true story of the author's heroic stand against the State Department and the Soviets in defense of the American Constitution. Anyone who cares about justice and decries political expediency will be astonished, indignant, and ultimately heartened by this fascinating account of a unique hijacking trial in the U.S. District Court for the American sector of West Berlin.

Erika Holzer is a lawyer turned novelist whose human rights espionage novel Double Crossing *(Putnam) will appear in paperback (TOR Books) in April.*

PENN KEMBLE

The collection of facts in Ben Wattenberg's *The Good News is the Bad News is Wrong* (Simon and Schuster, $17.95) is like a jar of colorful and wonderfully palpable marbles on the coffee table: something cheerful you can actually take hold of when overcome by too much intellectual woe and evasion. Conservatives have grasped this book eagerly, but—Beware! There is a subtler message here: Even though there were a lot of Democrats running around loose, these past twenty years of American

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life have not been all that bad.

Richard John Neuhaus not only wants to put Christ back in Christmas, he wants to put Christianity back into what he calls *The Naked Public Square* (Eerdmans, $16.95). Neuhaus reasons persuasively that by denying religion a significant place in public discourse we eventually deny politics and government their moral legitimacy, as that is understood by most of our people. Although on some points Neuhaus is a firm critic of the Christian New Right, he is gratified that they have joined the public debate. He further argues that Jews, humanists, liberals, pluralists, and small "d" democrats all can benefit if the role of religiously based values is accepted and strengthened in our public life.

Readers of *Commentary* and *Encounter* are waiting for Sidney Hook's memoirs, which have been excerpted in several recent articles in those magazines. Hook often writes with a novelist's gift for narrative and character, and his book promises to be the decisive antidote to rose-colored recollections of the American Communist subculture by the likes of Lillian Hellman, Vivian Gornick, Jessica Mitford, and Warren Beatty. Hook's tentative title is *Out of Step: A Life in the Twentieth Century*.

Readers in search of escape from contemporary contentions can try Mario Vargas Llosa's *The War of the End of the World* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $18.95), a vivid if pessimistic tale of a nineteenth-century millennialist uprising in Brazil. But those who take this harrowing trip will find it difficult to readjust to a world in which the problems of Latin America are all laid at the feet of Yankee imperialism or the IMF.

Penn Kemble is a vice-chairman of Social Democrats, USA, and a founder of the Institute on Religion and Democracy.

JACK KEMP

This past year has seen a river of optimistic, pro-growth, and pro-democracy books. Following are some of the best, but this list is hardly all-inclusive.

Julian Simon and the late Herman Kahn's *The Resourceful Earth* (Basil Blackwell, $19.95) is a magnificent answer to the "small is beautiful" syndrome; they show that resources are becoming more plentiful and the world is becoming less crowded as more land becomes habitable and arable.

George Gilder's new book, *The Spirit of Enterprise* (Simon and Schuster, $17.95), restores the forgotten yet all-important role of the individual entrepreneur to the center of technological progress and economic growth.

Dean Herbert London's *Why Are They Lying to Our Children?* (Stein and Day, $15.95) is a thoughtful critique of the doom-and-gloom school of educators by an iconoclastic teacher who understands that the prospects for material and spiritual growth are becoming brighter and suggests that education should be better balanced by presenting the optimistic view of the future as well as the gloomy view.

Jean François Revel, a French socialist, has just published *How Democracies Perish* (Doubleday, $16.95) in translation. Revel strongly supports democratic freedom, and his book is concerned to correct the weaknesses democracies are sometimes prone to.

My congressional colleague, Newt Gingrich, has just offered *Window of Opportunity* (St. Martin's Press, $14.95), a broad ranging book filled with his characteristic learning, offering a hopeful political and social strategy to realize the American dream in this generation.

Like all contemporary books, those on my recommended list presuppose the core books of Western civilization, from Aristotle and the Bible down to von Mises in our own time. These core works spell out the full meaning of the morality of freedom which forms the horizon of our lives and provides the intellectual basis for progress, freedom, and liberal democracy.

Jack Kemp is U.S. Representative from the 31st District, Buffalo, New York.

CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER

Exodus and Revolution, by Michael Walzer. Soon to be published (by Basic Books). A study of echoes. How the original revolutionary tract, the Biblical Exodus, has influenced the subsequent history of the revolutionary idea. Brilliantly elucidated by America's finest political philosopher.

The Name of the Rose, by Umberto Eco (Warner, $4.95). Le Carré in a cowl. A meditation on heresy, disguised as a mystery novel. If you like your theology, semiotics, and medieval history delivered cunning and sharp, invest a weekend in this one.

Labyrinths, by Jorge Luis Borges (1962). His best collection of stories. Metaphysical play disguised as narrative. Spare, subtle, and deeply moving. (One story, "The Library of Babel," lies hidden at the center of *The Name of the Rose.*)

Central America: Anatomy of Conflict, edited by Robert S. Leiken (Pergamon, $19.95). By the end of the eighties everyone will know where Tegucigalpa is, and how to pronounce it. Get a leg up with this excellent Central America primer.

Four Essays on Liberty, by Isaiah Berlin (1969). You've endured a year of Ronald Reagan, Norman Lear, Jerry Falwell, and a pride of bishops expounding democratic theory. Now it's Miller time. Clear your mind with Berlin's classic on liberalism and liberty.

Charles Krauthammer is senior editor of the New Republic, *contributing essayist to* Time *magazine, and recipient of the 1984 National Magazine Award for Essays and Criticism.*

ERWIN KNOLL

I'm grateful for the invitation to contribute to *TAS*'s roundup of Christmas book recommendations, and I've been giving the assignment careful thought. It isn't every day, after all, that I'm presented with an opportunity to reach America's conservative intelligentsia, such as it is.

In composing the brief list that follows, I've tried to avoid the preachy and didactic; there is no point in offending *TAS* readers' tender sensibilities. Still, they ought to learn something or what's the point? With all the diffidence appropriate to the situation, and without imposing any particular order, I'd suggest they read (or reread):

Don Quixote, by Miguel de Cervantes, to acquire an appreciation of tilting at windmills as an exercise that is not only necessary but downright enjoyable.

Newspaper Days, by H.L. Mencken, or any other of the master's works, to perceive the difference between the real thing and the labored imitations that often appear in *The American Spectator*.

The Mass Psychology of Fascism, by Wilhelm Reich, written before the author lapsed into quackery and psychosis, to recognize the pathology inherent in some of our own society's mass institutions.

Underground to Palestine, by I.F. Stone (the 1976 reissue containing the author's thirty-years-later afterword), to gain some valuable insights into the perennial crisis in the Middle East.

The Politics of Oil, by Robert Engler (1967), to begin to understand the relationship between business—at least in one major industry—and government in the American political economy.

These five ought to suffice, at least for the month of January.

Erwin Knoll is editor of the Progressive *and author of the just published* No Comment *(Vintage/Random House).*

VICTOR LASKY

Political Pilgrims, by Paul Hollander (1981). A little-known work on how Western intellectuals from George Bernard Shaw to William Sloane Coffin, Jr. have embraced left-wing totalitarian regimes while downgrading (and enjoying) the fruits of free enterprise.

The Coercive Utopians, by Rael Jean Isaac and Erich Isaac (Regnery Gateway, $18.95). Ralph Nader won't like this book. Nor will the assorted mankind-saviors clustered in such leftist scams as the Institute for Policy Studies and the National Council of Churches.

When the Kissing Had to Stop, by Constantine Fitzgibbon. An anti-Communist novel, almost a classic, one that should be reprinted by Conservative Book Club. Amazing how it stands up despite first publication in 1960.

Safire's Political Dictionary, by William Safire (1978). Words and phrases that make up the language of American politics. A *must* for political junkies.

Perjury: The Hiss-Chambers Case, by Allen Weinstein (1978). For those confused by PBS's fictional account of this case, this is *the* antidote. Hiss is demonstrated to be the psychopathic liar, not Chambers.

Victor Lasky is an author.

LESLIE LENKOWSKY

Perhaps it's because of daily doses of the *Washington Post,* but a year in the

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nation's capital has led me to become preoccupied with misery and political radicalism. Fortunately, two first-rate recent histories have kept these interests from getting out-of-hand.

The first is *The Idea of Poverty: England in the Early Industrial Age,* by Gertrude Himmelfarb (Alfred A. Knopf, $25.00). In a work of intellectual and social history for which "masterpiece" is an insufficient description, Professor Himmelfarb recounts why the plight of the poor came to be a major concern in England during the first decades of the industrial era, what the most influential minds of the day thought could be done about it, and how government and private charity evolved in response. (For this holiday season, her chapter on Charles Dickens is especially good to read.) Anyone on the right or the left who thinks he has found something new to say or do about this issue will be quickly disabused of that by reading this book, while also learning a good deal more about the moral sensibilities of capitalism than its critics (or for that matter, many defenders) normally admit.

The other is Harvey Klehr's *The Heyday of American Communism: The Depression Decade* (Basic Books, $26.50). The notion that a relatively small, socially marginal band of radicals, operating in league with a foreign power, could wield much influence in American society and politics is about as believable to most adults as—well, Santa Claus. Yet, picking up where Theodore Draper's two earlier volumes left off, Professor Klehr traces the activities of just such a group, the American Communist party, during its most fruitful period, the 1930s. With scholarly thoroughness, he shows how it managed to penetrate a remarkable portion of American political life, before collapsing—though not disappearing—under the weight of its own limitations and contradictions. To make some sense of the stranger flights of public discourse in recent years, especially on issues like Central America and nuclear weapons, one could do worse than ponder Professor Klehr's tale about the vulnerability of an open society to crypto-revolutionaries.

Leslie Lenkowsky is former Deputy Director of the United States Information Agency and a writer living in Washington, D.C.

CLARE BOOTHE LUCE

I enthusiastically recommend any or, better, all of the following five novels by the celebrated Canadian novelist, Robertson Davies. Davies is an author who ought to be much better known to his U.S. neighbors. The most celebrated of his works is "The Deptford Trilogy" (*Fifth Business, The Manticore,* and *World of Wonders*). But, my own favorites are: *A Mixture of Frailties* and *Rebel Angels.*

Davies, a first-rate storyteller, is a most learned, yet wonderfully funny and tender observer of human foibles and follies. If you haven't read him, be good to yourself this Christmas and give yourself, as well as your friends, all his novels.

Clare Boothe Luce is a playwright, a former congresswoman, and former United States Ambassador to Italy.

CHARLES MOORE

My favorite biography is Boswell's *Johnson,* which I also suspect is the best biography. My favorite reference book is *Hobson Jobson: A Glossary of Anglo-Indian Colloquial Words and Phrases and of Kindred Terms,* by Henry Yule and A.C. Burnell, new edition edited by William Crooke (1978). Its miscellany provides the funniest and best picture I know of the way two utterly different cultures can mix. As for novels, I cannot decide between *Emma* by Jane Austen, *The Last Chronicle of Barset* by Anthony Trollope, and *Tom Jones* by Henry Fielding. The poems of George Herbert, especially those collected under the title *The Temple,* provide the loveliest example of the poetical use of our language; they also exemplify how the piety of the Church of England is superior to that of Roman Catholicism.

There is nothing here from the twentieth century, I am afraid. This is because I like nothing from the twentieth century so well. But no journalist could not love Evelyn Waugh's *Scoop* and Michael Frayn's *Towards the End of the Morning.* All these books make me proud to be English.

Charles Moore is editor of the (London) Spectator.

ROBERT D. NOVAK

I got around to reading it only this year, but Paul Johnson's *Modern Times* (1983) is necessary for anyone who wants to understand what the professional politicians have done to the world over the past sixty years.

Considering the calumny and misrepresentation heaped upon supply-side economics, a desirable Christmas pursuit would be a return to the source to find out what it's *really* about: *How the World Works* (rev. ed., 1983) by Jude Wanniski.

Two very different books that I enjoyed inordinately: (1) *Lincoln* by Gore Vidal (Random House, $19.95); the author's politics may be distasteful, but they are submerged in this delicious novel that is irresistible for political junkies. (2) *Finest Hour: Winston Churchill 1939-1941,* by Martin Gilbert (Houghton Mifflin, $40.00); Volume VI of his definitive biography, it covers with loving attention those heroic years that insure Churchill's place in history.

And finally my favorite book for all seasons: *Witness,* by Whittaker Chambers. It has changed the worldview of many people—including me, when I first read it thirty years ago.

Robert D. Novak is a nationally syndicated columnist and publisher of the Evans-Novak Political Report.

THOMAS W. PAUKEN

Orthodoxy, by G.K. Chesterton. Essential reading for the college student confronted with trendy leftist professors who specialize in debunking traditional Christian beliefs.

Fields of Fire, by James Webb (1979). The best novel on Vietnam, told from the vantage point of the young American soldier.

Chronicles of Wasted Time, by Malcolm Muggeridge (1973). From a young liberal skeptic to a committed religious believer, Muggeridge takes us on an autobiographical odyssey from colonial India to Stalinist Russia, from editorship of *Punch* to his days with the BBC, giving us his uniquely personal observation of major events and personalities in the twentieth century.

Basic Symbols of the American Political Tradition, by Willmoore Kendall and George Carey (1970). Kendall and Carey cogently set forth the uniquely American political theory bequeathed us by the Founding Fathers.

Modern Times, by Paul Johnson (1983).

Thomas W. Pauken is director of ACTION.

HOWARD PHILLIPS

Here are five books which I have read recently and from which I have profited much:

Andrew Jackson and the Course of American Freedom 1822-1832: The second book in a trilogy by Robert V. Remini (1981): The authoritative history of a courageous, anti-establishment President.

Salvation and Godly Rule, by R.J. Rushdoony (Ross House Books, Vallecito, California, 1983): The intellectual progenitor of the Religious Right dispenses additional insights concerning the sovereignty of God and the applicability of Biblical law.

Kingdoms of the Blind, by Harold W. Rood, published in 1980 by the Carolina Academic Press: A compelling historical critique of arms control and its folly.

Pieces of Eight, by Edwin Vieira, Jr., published by Devin-Adair, 1983: Well makes the case for constitutional, honest money.

Jedediah Morse and New England Congregationalism (1983), by Joseph W. Phillips (no relation): A retrospective on the impact of religion in American politics during the late 1700s and the early 1800s, including assorted tidbits about the Unitarian takeover of Harvard in 1803 and conspiracy as a political issue in the early days of the Republic.

Howard Phillips is chairman of the Conservative Caucus, Inc.

DIANE RAVITCH

If I were preparing a literary Christmas present for friends who had been educated in typical American public schools at some time during the past twenty years, these are the five books I would include: for sheer delight, Jane Austen's *Pride and Prejudice*; for a reminder that a novel can portray passion without pornography, George Eliot's *Middlemarch*; for wonderful airport reading, Jack Finney's *Time and Again* (1978); for their historical understanding, Tocqueville's *Democracy in America*; for their political education, Paul Hollander's *Political Pilgrims* (1981).

Diane Ravitch is the author of several books, most recently The Troubled Crusade: American Education 1945-1980 *(Basic Books), and the forthcoming collection of essays,* The Schools We Deserve.

HENRY REGNERY

The Air-Line to Seattle: Kenneth S. Lynn (1983). The subtitle of this collection of essays describes it as "Studies in Literary and Historical Writing about America"; I would describe its purpose as straightening out a number of representative liberal professors and writers—Garry Wills, Edmund Wilson, Malcolm Cowley, Frederick Lewis Allen, Bernard Bailyn, Leo Marx, among others—and critically examining some equally representative liberal positions. It is the work of a scholar who knows where he

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stands, writes in great style, and sees things as they are. Mr. Lynn's skillful, elegant exposure of the fatuousness of some highly acclaimed liberal academics and writers is a contribution to clear thinking, and can be read with pleasure.

In Praise of Folly: Erasmus of Rotterdam. Written in 1509 in the full flood of creativity and confidence of the Renaissance, and only a few years before the storm of the Reformation broke over Europe, Erasmus's wonderfully witty and telling satire of human vanity and pretentiousness has much to say to us. The translation in the Penguin Edition seems somewhat flat and uninspired, but the notes and introduction are excellent.

Son of the Middle Border: Hamlin Garland. Garland begins the story of his life with his earliest recollection, of his gaunt, weary father, wearing the blue overcoat of the Union Army, his musket on his back, walking up the lonely road to their Wisconsin farm house. His description of pioneer life during the heroic years, as he calls them, following the Civil War when the prairie was settled and brought into cultivation has the feel and smell of authenticity: Garland was a part of it; by the time he had reached young manhood and set off for Boston and a writing career, the family had reached South Dakota and had settled on six different farms. Garland was not a great writer but an honest one; he tells it as it was.

Henry Regnery is president of Regnery Gateway, Inc.

GEORGE C. ROCHE III

Compiling a short list of favorite books is a frustrating task. We all accumulate so many old friends in the pages of our books that it seems almost disloyal to select a few for special mention. Five titles which come immediately to mind—some new, mostly old:

Witness—Whittaker Chambers gives us a compelling analysis of our times, from his unique perspective as " . . . an involuntary witness to God's grace and to the fortifying power of faith."

A Life with the Printed Word (1982)—John Chamberlain has written, with his characteristic gentleness and modesty, a wide-ranging literary autobiography which is a fascinating guide to the principal intellectual currents of our century.

The Memoirs of a Superfluous Man (1969)—Albert Jay Nock wrote an autobiography as a bemused observer in a world of which he largely disapproved—a true curmudgeon.

The Abolition of Man (1943)—C.S. Lewis put his finger squarely on the modern philosophic assumptions which would deny us the dignity and integrity of human personality.

Jesus Rediscovered (1969)—Malcolm Muggeridge provides a unique and moving spiritual message. If you listen carefully as you read, you will be able to hear the laughter of the angels.

George C. Roche III is president of Hillsdale College and the Shavano Institute.

PETER W. RODMAN

As one who helped with research for the two volumes of Kissinger memoirs (which I will shamelessly commend to all connoisseurs of contemporary history), I seem to have an affinity for large tomes. I have to say I found the three volumes of Solzhenitsyn's *The Gulag Archipelago* an unforgettable experience. For all their length and intensity, they were filled with drama, wit, emotion, and a profoundly moving lesson about our world. The third volume even ended the saga on a note of hope, telling the story of resistance and rebellion in the camps and the stirrings of same in Soviet society at large.

In a lighter vein, I have enjoyed the Russian biographies by Troyat. His *Pushkin* was a gem, and his *Catherine the Great* a charmer. I look forward to taking up his latest book, *Ivan the Terrible* (Dutton, $18.95), to find out once and for all whether Ivan was a closet liberal as sometimes alleged.

Peter W. Rodman is chairman of the Policy Planning Council at the Department of State.

WILLIAM A. RUSHER

Recommended current books:

Paul Johnson's *Modern Times* (1983)—a magisterial summary and explanation of everything that has happened since the end of World War I. Dense with fascinating information, it renders 65 years of chaotic events into an intelligible series, and even leaves us with hope for the future.

Michael Voslensky's *Nomenklatura* (Doubleday, $19.95)—in which a Russian expatriate identifies and knowledgeably describes the new class that, although shrewdly denying its own existence, rules the USSR with an iron hand, exploiting the enslaved population while enjoying the best of everything: special food stores, special holiday resorts, special schools for its children, special hospitals for its sick, even special cemeteries for its dead.

Two old favorites:

Whittaker Chambers's *Witness*—A surprising number of relatively youthful conservatives have never gotten around to reading this absorbing and superbly written 1952 account of one of the twentieth century's most significant lives. Absolutely indispensable to an understanding of the appeal, and the menace, of Communism, and of Chambers's heroic one-man battle against it.

(For the antiquarian in each of us) Sir Gavin de Beer's *Alps and Elephants* (1955)—A marvelously learned and lighthearted response, by the late director of the British Museum, to a notoriously difficult trivia question: Precisely which pass over the Alps did Hannibal and his lumbering pachyderms take before descending upon the astonished Romans in the valley of the Po in 218 B.C.? Suavely utilizing everything from archaeological probes and astronomical charts to common sense, Sir Gavin nails down the answer. Get this wonderful little howdidit from a good library.

William A. Rusher is publisher of National Review, *a nationally syndicated columnist, and author, most recently, of* The Rise of the Right *(William Morrow).*

TAKI

Not exactly having distinguished myself last August in London's Heathrow airport, my first reaction upon being asked by the editor of *TAS* to name the best books I read this year was to mention *The Liberal Crack-Up* (Simon and Schuster, $16.95). I had, after all, received a pre-publication copy, and had enjoyed the book tremendously. My plan was to name only *The Liberal Crack-Up,* and declare that anything following it was bound to be such a terrible anticlimax that I had refrained from reading anything for the rest of the year. Alas, a cooler head prevailed and pointed out that arse-licking the editor might be considered normal for *New York Times*men and *Washington Post* catamites, but not for conservatives. So, I declare *The Liberal Crack-Up haut concours,* and hope the sainted editor will understand.

T.S. Eliot, by Peter Ackroyd (Simon and Schuster, $24.95), was a real treat to read. Ackroyd has an extraordinary power of entering into the mind of his subject. In writing about Eliot he shows, without of course inventing anything, the same capacity for arranging facts and information around a central character.

Ackroyd does not judge Eliot's behavior, only his poetry, as a good biographer should. The book reads swiftly and shows what a first-class poet, as well as how conservative in his politics, Eliot was.

Hotel du Lac, by Anita Brookner (to be published in the U.S. by Pantheon in 1985), is a novel set in Switzerland (my favorite country) and written by a lady who does not sound like one of today's female writers. That is, she writes with elegance and humor where women—average elegant and feminine women—are concerned. The novel takes place in that old standby of English ironists, the hotel of disappointed gentility. With a few deft strokes, the author evokes a whole world of aching frustration. Surprise, surprise, the novel's heroine makes the right decision at the end. Probably because she's never heard of Women's Lib.

The Kennedys, by Peter Collier and David Horowitz (Summit Books, $20.95). Reading it was like hearing the Kennedys, something I've managed to do, alas, whenever I was at Xenon and other places of ill repute where the young Kennedys hang out. It is a

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frightful tale of greed by the grandfather, political ambition and cynicism by JFK and Robert Kennedy, and total self-destruction by the third generation. It is enough—especially as the authors have everything on tape—to disqualify the Kennedy family from ever running for office again. Do not miss it.

The Greek Upheaval (1978), by the greatest Greek writer since Homer. I reread this book to find out what kind of race of people made the rise of Andreas Papandreou possible. But even Taki was unable to explain how this cretin manages to tweak Uncle Sam's nose continuously and still benefit from it.

Taki's most recent book is Princes, Playboys & High-Class Tarts *(Karz-Cohl).*

KENNETH Y. TOMLINSON

Galina: A Russian Story, by Galina Vishnevskaya (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $19.95). Moving, dramatic autobiography of one of the great artists of the century. Also, provides much reason to be thankful during this holiday season that most of us were not born in the People's Paradise.

Scoop, by Evelyn Waugh. The classic parody of a London newspaper's (read the media's) attempt to cover events abroad. Captures the situation as much today as when it was written.

Murder of a Gentle Land, by John Barron and Tony Paul (1977). This under-recognized account of genocide in Cambodia was the real scoop of the 1970s and remains one of the most significant books of our time.

The Spirit of Enterprise, by George Gilder (Simon and Schuster, $17.95). Another highly readable Gilder book that conveys through logic and anecdote the message of the 1980s. Whether you call it enterprise or capitalism or supply-side economics, it works.

The Fatal Gift, by Alec Waugh (1973). A thoroughly enjoyable tale that illustrates why the elites will always let you down.

Kenneth Y. Tomlinson, until recently director of the Voice of America, is now managing editor of Reader's Digest.

DICK WAGNER

At Dawn We Slept (1981), Gordon W. Prange . . . the detailed and compelling story of day-by-day movements of the enemy and American military leading to December 7, 1941 and the aftermath.

Goodbye Darkness (1980), William Manchester . . . the true personal sacrifice and view of World War II in the Pacific by a Marine turned writer.

Patton: Ordeal and Triumph (1964), Ladislas Farago . . . stimulating description of the Army's hellbent field genius of World War II.

The American Diamond (1965), Branch Rickey . . . a baseball book of quality by the wise and beloved Branch Rickey.

Centennial (1974), James A. Michener . . . what this great America is all about.

Dick Wagner is a consultant to Major League Sports teams.

WALTER E. WILLIAMS

Thomas Sowell, *Civil Rights: Rhetoric or Reality* (William Morrow, $11.95). Muddleminded liberals love to profess their concern for the "victims" of capitalism. Sowell's lively, precise, and fact-filled treatise will enable you to shut them up or at least dispatch them whimpering in shame. It's a myth debunker.

The Federalist Papers. Are you tired of congressional and judiciary lies about how the Constitution justifies one federal law after another? Then read (or reread) the words of the Framers who clearly defined the role of the fed; you'll conclude today's Congress, courts, and executive are a band of outlaws who thrive on public envy.

Armen Alchian and William Allen, *Exchange and Production* (Wadsworth Publishing, 1983). A lot of people would like to know how in the world I know as much economics as I do. Rather than envy me or chalk it up to genius, read *Exchange and Production,* clearly the best all around textbook, written by two of my mentors at UCLA.

Edith Efron, *The Apocalyptics: Cancer and the Big Lie* (Simon and Schuster, $19.95). This is an exposé about cancer. It reveals how faulty and misleading "science" has created a cancer epidemic scare and fostered greater government control over consumers and the workplace. Fact: Overall age-adjusted cancer rate has remained stable or decreased slightly over the last forty years. Fact: Nature is a greater cancer threat than man.

R.Q. Armington and William D. Ellis, *More: The Rediscovery of American Common Sense* (Regnery Gateway, $12.95). Something's wrong with America and you don't know why! Flip any page in this book and find a detail like: Social worker advises lady to quit work because she'd net more on welfare; or in six months federal agencies published 102,000 different brochures; or Department of Agriculture has one employee for every 34 farmers and occupies 16,000 buildings across the country. It's enough to make you mad.

Walter E. Williams is the John M. Olin Distinguished Professor of Economics at George Mason University and author of The State Against Blacks.

CHARLES WOHLSTETTER

Dubliners, by James Joyce. Because it is the most brilliantly constructed series of short stories I have ever read and because, while the characters in each of the stories are different, they progress from the simplest emotion experienced by a child, his first view of death—the local parish priest—to the most complex of all human emotions in the final story. But most important, because the words are sheer poetry, lyrical, and of such elegance and beauty that they have never left me.

A Tale of Two Cities. Because Dickens drew characters of such nobility and villainy as to satisfy the most eager youngster just starting to believe the romantic notion that there are people like Sidney Carton.

Alice in Wonderland. Because Lewis Carroll is so charming and provocative. A very interesting commentary on human beings that is so artfully concealed that even young people can elicit a great deal of joy without understanding fully the impact. I might say that in this category again, *Gulliver's Travels* would have to be one of the great classics of all time.

Finally, I have recently read *The Last Lion* and, while William Manchester is no Conrad or Joyce, it is an insight into the background of one of the most important men of our time. Churchill's childhood explains an awful lot about some of the things he did in the future. In any event, it left me with a feeling that the world was cheated that Lord Randolph was not also the father of, say, Dr. Spock.

Charles Wohlstetter is chairman of the board of CONTEL.

R. JAMES WOOLSEY

E.H. Carr, *The Romantic Exiles* (1933). Herzen and his circle of exiles from Czarist Russia in Switzerland—their love affairs, intrigues, and the beginning schisms within the modern left between violence and reform. Graceful, wry, thoughtful.

Isaiah Ben-Sasan, *Japanese and the Jews* (1981). A sparkling comparative essay on two chosen peoples—covering everything from sacrifice (rice vs. lambs) to views on military security. A best-seller in Japan by an author whose true identity is still in dispute.

Michael Shaara, *The Killer Angels* (1974). The battle of Gettysburg reconstructed at the personal level from the memoirs and letters of a few superbly chosen participants. How a virtually headless army of the Potomac could defeat one of history's greatest generals.

R.V. Jones, *The Wizard War* (1978). As A.J.P. Taylor says, "The most fascinating book on World War II. . . ." The dawn of modern scientific warfare by its principal architect—a gentle physicist given to hoaxes with, thank god, an instinct for the Nazi jugular.

Tom Sharpe, *Porterhouse Blue* (1974). Cambridge's fustiest college, under the loony guidance of a new liberal Master and afflicted by literature's most out-of-it undergraduate. Don't read this around strangers—your continuing helpless laughter will draw stares.

R. James Woolsey practices law in Washington. He is a former undersecretary of the Navy, was a member of the Scowcroft Commission, and is currently delegate-at-large to the START talks.

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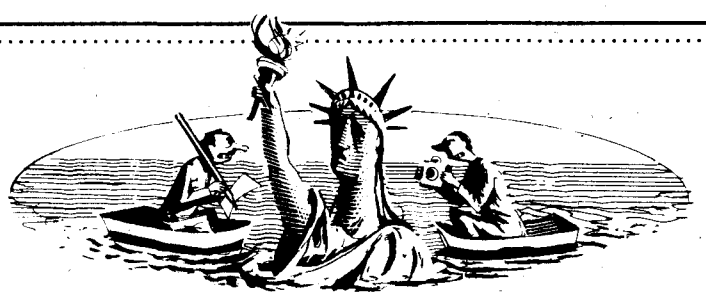

MY NIGHT AT THE DEBATE

by Fred Barnes

People sure get sore when you zing the President with a question or raise the subject of religion. "Consider your ass kicked for lynching the great and good President Reagan in the presidential crucifixion!" an admirer wrote. "After watching the presidential debate Sunday night, I am convinced that one of the main reasons for the poor quality of the debate by both participants is directly related to the abhorrent questioning by the panel members such as yourself," another fan said in a letter. "I felt like jumping through the TV set to get you." Such a violent reaction was not universal, though; some viewers were merely disgusted. "I have never been as offended by any panelist as by your performance in the presidential debate on October 7, 1984," wrote a woman who mentioned she was 86 years old. From Buffalo came a charge of assault and battery. "You did not just ask him, you lit into him as though he were a criminal, answering in a court suit against him," it read in careful longhand. And a fellow from somewhere in Pennsylvania concluded in a postcard that my presence on the panel "only means they were scraping the bottom for journalists."

I plead guilty and ask for mercy. There were extenuating circumstances and mitigating factors that you don't know about. But I'll tell you. Yes, I was a panelist on the first presidential debate, the one in which Reagan did so poorly. He was truly bad, and Walter Mondale was better even than the sainted John F. Kennedy in the 1960 debates. It wasn't a press conspiracy or herd journalism at its worst that caused this verdict to be rendered. And it wasn't that Reagan couldn't handle my two questions. They were on religion (describe your faith and how it affects your politics) and taxes (are middle-income folks undertaxed or overtaxed), two subjects he had boned up on before the debate. So Reagan lost this one on his own. But in his defense, let me add that presidential debates are preposterously hyped events. They may be necessary—at the least, they have become established as a permanent part of presidential races—but that doesn't make them any less ridiculous.

Consider how the format was arranged and how the interrogators were picked. It was a non-negotiable demand of White House aides that there be a panel of reporters questioning the candidates instead of having Reagan and Mondale go after each other with only a moderator between them. Why this demand? Reagan's minions had seen Mondale savage Gary Hart in televised, moderator-only debates last winter and spring. They didn't want this to happen to Reagan. But would it? Reagan debated in that format in the 1980 Republican primaries—and won easily. For him, the more liberating the format, the better the performance. Only his aides wanted him tied down in hopes that Mondale wouldn't be able to hammer away at him and Reagan wouldn't screw up. Reporters, whose proclivity for asking boring questions may be genetic, would insure the debate was properly stuffy.

The first I heard about being a panelist was on the Thursday night before the debate. Dorothy Ridings, the president of the League of Women Voters, called me at the *Sun*'s Washington bureau to ask if I'd be on the panel. It never occurred to me to say no, but of course I didn't know then that the Reagan and Mondale campaigns had stooped to the palpable evil of vetoing potential panelists. In fact, it turned out that one of the campaigns had vetoed me and Diane Sawyer of CBS News the first time around, accepting us after our names went through the mill a second time. Anyway, I agreed to be in Louisville by Saturday night for a meeting to prepare for the debate.

By the time I got there, the League was in a twit and the press in high dudgeon. Only three reporters either sufficiently fair or sufficiently insipid had been approved by the Reagan and Mondale camps; James Wieghart of Scripps-Howard had managed to be accepted the first time around. About 100 reporters proposed by the League had been scratched, and two others had rejected invitations. Ridings groused publicly that the selection process had been "abused." Well, maybe. At worst, it was a venial sin. In any case, it hardly warranted the self-righteous posturing by the press that ensued. But the nation has come to expect that sort of reaction from the press, no matter what the provocation, and the journalism establishment never lets the public down. Is it really so offensive to suggest that some reporters might be biased? I'll certainly admit to being less than smitten with some of the folks who sought the Democratic presidential nomination this year. And might not the Reagan crowd have good reason to veto William Greider of *Rolling Stone,* whose views on Reagan are negative in the extreme? Or grounds to bar Jerrold Schecter of *Esquire* magazine, who worked in Jimmy Carter's White House? Come on. The answer has to be yes.

In truth, everyone acted ridiculously in the flap over the panel of reporters because it really didn't matter that much who was picked. The same subjects were likely to come up—deficits, taxes, abortion, religion—even if the panel consisted of picture editors of skin magazines. But rather than a gross violation of the First Amendment, the vetoing of reporters occurred mainly because the League didn't get Reagan and Mondale aides in a room to work out a panel together. They could have agreed in an hour. Instead, lists were sent to the White House and to Mondale headquarters, and each side struck some names. The trouble was, they struck different names, leaving practically none they agreed on.

Now, I'm not suggesting the League didn't act honorably in this. I remember hearing horror stories in 1980 from Carter aides, who were mad because League officials wanted to include John Anderson in the debates that year. These aides insisted on calling the group either The League of Women Vultures or The Plague of Women Voters. That's a bit strong. Frankly, I found Ridings to be gracious and thoughtful. Who could find fault with a women who, when asked by Barbara Walters if she had considered Geraldo Rivera of ABC News as a panelist, said that he was never considered because she didn't

Fred Barnes is National Political Reporter for the Baltimore Sun.

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like his brand of journalism? But Ridings's moxie and good sense do not mean the League ought to be in charge of presidential debates. The latest bit of crazed thinking in the press holds not only that the League should run the debates but that it should be able to force the candidates to accept any panel it chooses. In my reading of the First Amendment, I don't recall the part about the League of Women Voters' unfettered right to select the panel of questioners. Maybe I overlooked it. Nor do I know where it's etched on holy tablets that the League must be in charge of presidential debates. Why not have the parties themselves run the debates? Or the TV networks? The best single debate of 1984 was a three-candidate session before the Democratic primary in New York. It was sponsored by CBS News and moderated by Dan Rather.

When I got to Louisville, I had one question in mind, but it didn't seem quite weighty enough to stand alone. Besides, the plan was to ask the same questions of Reagan and Mondale, and this one applied only to Reagan. The question: How come you don't go to church, Mr. President? Thomas DeFrank, *Newsweek*'s White House correspondent, suggested it to me the day before the debate while we were sitting in the steam room at the Pentagon Officers Athletic Club. He also wanted me to ask Reagan why he hadn't seen his granddaughter. That seemed a bit much. But Reagan's lack of church attendance had become a minor issue, given his courtship of evangelical and fundamentalist Christians. Jesse Jackson often cited it as evidence of Reagan's alleged hypocrisy. Still, the audience in Louisville auditorium acted as if the question, asked as a follow-up, were from outer space. There were gasps, groans, and a few boos.

Except for DeFrank's advice, the only help I got in drafting questions came from a Rose Lynne of San Diego. To be honest, I didn't know her before the day of the debate. But that didn't stop her from calling me at Louisville's Galt House hotel and giving me a question. Lynne said she is affiliated with the North American Center for Ombudscience Studies of Human Territoriality. That's NACOSHT for short. What's ombudscience? you ask. And well you might, for I did the same. "It is the study of how and why people abuse power by unrationally and compulsively not listening to new ideas that could optimally improve the quality of individual and community life," is how Lynne described it. At any rate, she wanted me to ask if the candidates knew that a poll four years ago found that 70 percent of the people didn't want Carter or Reagan to be elected. I told her I'd think about asking that. Before hanging up, she offered me political assistance. "If you run for Congress, we can guarantee your election as a write-in," she said.

Congress would have to wait. Sawyer, Weighart, and I divvied up the subject areas—no one but I wanted to ask about religion, taxes, or homosexual rights—but we figured out our own questions. Actually, I only got to ask about two subjects. The debate had eight segments, which meant that one of us would get only two questions. We drew pieces of paper with 1, 2 or 3 written on them. Mine said 3; I would ask the third and sixth questions. Even though the campaigns hadn't approved her, moderator Barbara Walters was offered the chance by League officials to ask Reagan and Mondale questions. To my surprise, she declined. But she did take an interest in what we might ask, wondering aloud if we'd like to try our questions on her. Wieghart and I didn't. But we did avail ourselves of Walters's makeup woman. She spent ten minutes on me, applying lotions and powders and generally making me look much more youthful, like a young Boris Karloff. A friend told my wife I looked "ghoulish" on television.

As we walked from the dressing room to the stage, Walters said she would be adding a "personal note" to her introductory comments. She declined to say what it was, which is fair enough. I didn't try out my questions on her; she didn't try out her personal note on me. As you might have guessed, she scolded the candidates for having vetoed "almost 100 qualified journalists. . . . As moderator, and on behalf of my fellow journalists, I very much regret, as does the League of Women Voters, that this situation has occurred." She wasn't speaking for me. I didn't regret the disapproval of so many reporters at all. I merely thought it frivolous, which is something different. You don't, for instance, get huffy or holier-than-thou about things that are frivolous.

The ninety minutes zoomed by, but it must have seemed a lot longer to Reagan. He was off his game from the start, and at one point he pulled out a handkerchief and wiped his brow. He looked as if he'd just played basketball for an hour, full-court. Reagan was coached to be John Anderson in the debate, full of facts, tedious, slightly sanctimonious. A grade B actor, he couldn't pull it off. For that kind of against-the-grain role Laurence Olivier was required.

There was always a chance I might get a third question, since Reagan and Mondale weren't required to use all their time for answering questions and follow-ups and delivering rebuttals. They used far more than the time allotted, however. So we may never find out if Mondale thinks homosexuals should be admitted to Annapolis and West Point. That was the follow-up for him to my third question, which would have gone first to Reagan. "Mr. President, advocates of gay rights argue that homosexuals should be protected by law from discrimination in the same way that blacks and other minorities are. The core of the issue seems to be whether homosexuality is a condition of birth or an acquired trait. What is your view? Is it a condition of birth or an acquired trait?" I doubt if either would have answered that directly. They probably would have spun out their blarney about fighting all forms of discrimination. But Reagan, I found out later, was ready to attack the Democratic platform's plank about giving homosexuals full access to the military. He never got the chance.

Mondale was understandably beaming as he approached the panelists' table to shake hands afterwards. He said nothing, just grinned. Reagan didn't say anything either, but I asked him if he thought the questions were softballs. "No, not really," he said. And that was that.

It took nearly a week before the fan mail began to pour in. My favorite was from a fellow who characterized me, in a letter to the editor, as "an embarrassment to the city of Baltimore and your paper." He didn't like my question about the candidates' religious beliefs or the follow-up to Reagan about his church-going habits. "I thought the follow-up question was going to ask how many times a week Mr. Reagan makes love to his wife or which night of the week he eats vanilla ice cream," the fan wrote.

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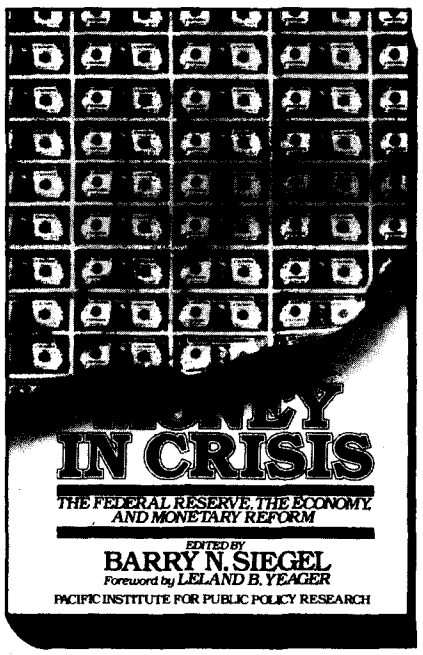
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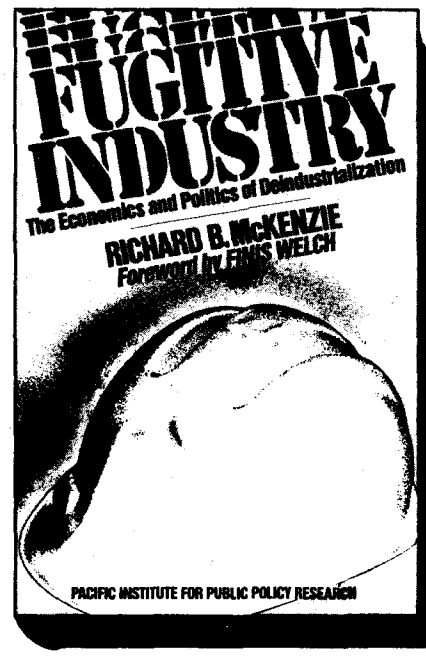
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So many questions, so few answers.

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Postscript: All the blather about the two presidential debates as the most crucial political events in the history of Christendom turned out to be the usual press hysteria. Once, this kind of hype was limited to television news, but no more. The so-called prestige newspapers and the news magazines did their breathtaking best to pump up the debates. But Reagan wouldn't play along. He made the debates politically meaningless events by winning the second after losing the first. It was your classic wash. That left the overarching factors—peace, prosperity, leadership, the conservative trend in the country, Reagan's personality—in charge of the outcome. And it made the flap-of-the-day reporting that dominated the campaign coverage seem exaggerated and irrelevant. Reporters don't mind exaggeration, but they hate to think their efforts are beside the point. But they were. □

CONSTITUTIONAL OPINIONS

HIGH COURT NONSENSE

by Jeremy Rabkin

Even before the Supreme Court ended its last term in early July, media pundits had reached a verdict on its significance: The Court had lurched to the right. As usual, Anthony Lewis of the *New York Times* gave the charge its most strident formulation. The "stunned reaction among the public as well as legal specialists," he wrote, reflected "the sense that our fundamental assumptions about the Supreme Court must change. . . . The Court made clear that it was no longer prepared . . . to set the limits on state power."

In a way, such anguish is perfectly understandable. Contemporary liberals, like Mr. Lewis, may be eager to speak for "the public," but when the public and its elected representatives are so obstinate as to take a different view, liberals have cheerfully resorted to the courts to get their way. And on the whole over the last two decades, they *have* gotten their way in the courts. True to form, the Supreme Court rejected the arguments of the Reagan Justice Department in every major case in which it advocated a conservative position during the first three years of this administration. Suddenly this term, the Court found merit in Reagan Administration positions in a considerable string of cases, while simultaneously rejecting the usual appeals from the ACLU, the NAACP, and other avenging angels of the liberal establishment. No wonder Anthony Lewis was "stunned."

Jeremy Rabkin is assistant professor of government at Cornell University. This article inaugurates an American Spectator *department on constitutional issues, to feature Mr. Rabkin and William Kristol of Harvard's Kennedy School.*

Still, all the handwringing over the Court's recent performance was a rather petulant and ungrateful response to such a long-time benefactor. All the more so, as the Court really did not travel far at all this term from the strange world-view of contemporary liberalism. The truth is that, if the Court has started to retreat from some of its earlier activist positions, it has done so by hobbling backward, with its face still firmly fixed to the left. Recent cases offer very little evidence that the Court is really prepared to cast off its traditional dependents and no sign that it really is interested in developing new conservative constituencies. Judicial power remains a weapon almost exclusively available to the left, even if it is becoming a less reliable weapon than it once was.

To begin with, there was a very large (and altogether predictable) measure of selectivity in the wailing about the Court's unleashing of "state power" from constitutional restraints. At the end of May, a unanimous Court blithely endorsed a Hawaii statute allowing the state to confiscate land from large private landowners and transfer it to private homeowners. The Fifth Amendment prohibition on the taking of "private property . . . for public use, without just compensation" has always been understood to limit governmental "takings" to actual public uses. Seeing no credible "*public* use" involved in Hawaii's forced transfer of land titles between private owners, a lower federal court had declared the state scheme unconstitutional. But the Supreme Court insisted courts must defer to any "legislative determination that the taking will serve a public use"; in other words, a legitimate "public use" is whatever a government says it is. This remarkably complacent view of state power evoked no word of protest from Anthony Lewis or the ACLU, however. When it comes to private economic activity, the Court has not presumed to "set the limits on state power" (in Mr. Lewis's phrase) since the early New Deal. And neither contemporary liberalism nor our ostensibly "conservative" current Court shows any signs of wishing to see our constitutional limitations in this area taken seriously ever again.

But it is not just in regard to economic intervention that the current Court remains in accord with contemporary liberalism in welcoming an expansion of state power. Early in July a unanimous Supreme Court, again overturning a contrary lower court ruling, upheld Minnesota's effort to force the Jaycees to admit women. Again there was no protest from the ACLU or the *New York Times*. The Court itself acknowledged that "members of the Jaycees regularly engage in a variety of civic, charitable, lobbying, fundraising and other activities worthy of constitutional protection under the First Amendment" but concluded that

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Minnesota's demand for the group's sexual integration "requires no change in the Jaycees' creed of promoting the interests of young men."

Only two years ago the Court ruled that election officials could not force the Socialist Workers party to divulge even the names of its members, as this might have a "chilling effect" on their "freedom of association." Can the Court really believe that forcing a group to reveal its membership is distinctly more "chilling" than forcing the group to accept members it does not want? But, of course, the Court does not believe this. It would not, for example, hold to this bizarre claim for a minute if the state of Illinois tried to force Louis Farrakhan to accept whites into his black separatist organization. The Court simply believes that Communists—and their various soul-mates in political extremism, such as the Nazis in Skokie—should have more First Amendment protection than those who believe in some differentiation between men and women.

The key to much of the Court's jurisprudence can, in fact, be found in its explanation of the surpassing evil in sex discrimination. Sex discrimination, the Court tells us in the Jaycees decision, "forces individuals to labor under stereotypical notions that often bear no relationship to their actual abilities" and "thereby *deprives persons of their individual dignity* and deprives society of the *benefits of wide participation in political, economic and cultural life* [emphasis added]." And such "stigmatizing injury" is "surely felt as strongly by persons suffering discrimination on the basis of sex as by those treated differently because of their race." This is surely raising the stakes pretty high. If "stereotypical notions" about sex roles are as injurious as racialist dogmas—which have been associated with so many bloody and terrible crimes against black Americans in the past—then our society must still be quite steeped in malice and menace for more than half its members. Conversely, if government must assure "dignity" and "wide participation" for all "persons" in such a forbidding social environment, then government must have very broad powers indeed—over property, over private organizations, over personal liberty. Such reasoning is central to the modern judicial outlook: Ensuring a satisfying social environment must take precedence over the rights of individuals, as traditionally conceived.

Given the dominant currents in national politics over the last fifty years, it was doubtless inevitable that the Court would find more and more room in the Constitution to accommodate the aspirations of activist government. But rather than a grudging retreat from its traditional watch over *personal* rights (protecting each individual's own liberty and property), the Court enthusiastically embraced the perspective of activist government and frequently, over the last twenty years, has sought to lend a hand in the effort to remodel society. In a great range of cases, therefore, the Court's perspective has shifted away from the immediate rights of individuals to broad group claims for an improved social environment. Surely the most dramatic reflection of this altered perspective has been the Court's bizarre experiments with school busing over the past fifteen years, where large numbers of current students are transported all over town, ostensibly to "remedy" an injury to an entirely different group of students decades earlier. Even in retreat from its more activist exertions in the past, however, the Court often continues to embrace this perspective.

Take the Rhode Island crèche case, decided last March. To the surprise of many observers, the Court held that a Christmas nativity scene, erected with municipal funds on municipal land by the city of Pawtucket, did not violate the ban on "establishment of religion" in the First Amendment. The decision was one of those "conservative victories" that provoked bitter condemnation from liberal commentators and angry dissents from four justices on the Court itself. Yet no one for a moment believes that mere display of the crèche forced anyone to join a church he did not accept or even forced anyone to pay for an unwanted "official" church. (The public expenditure involved was too minimal to affect anyone's tax burden.) The charge boiled down to the claim that non-Christians or non-believers might be offended ("alienated," in Justice Brennan's term) by such an apparent public endorsement of a Christian faith—and the First Amendment somehow gave them a right never to be so offended. But the Court's majority, speaking through Chief Justice Burger, did not comment on the evident absurdity of a "right" to a secular public environment. On the contrary, it upheld the constitutionality of the crèche by classifying it not as an actual religious symbol but as a mere festive ornament for holiday shoppers. It left the clear implication that a more thoroughly sectarian display by the city might indeed violate the "rights" of offended passers-by. Politicians who invoke divine blessings in their public speeches would be well advised, it seems, also to offer some tokens of insincerity to avoid violating the "rights" of atheists—or at least to avoid threatening their "dignity" and inhibiting their "wide participation."

Similarly, the Court was much criticized by liberal commentators for several decisions last term that backed away from strict enforcement of the exclusionary rule—the rule that requires criminal convictions to be set aside if evidence at the trial was illegally obtained. It was only some two decades ago that the Court first discovered this rule to be required by the "due process" clause of the Fourteenth Amendment. And then its argument for the rule was not that it was essential to assuring a fair trial but that it would be helpful in deterring illegal searches by police. The Court majority defended its recent decisions, carving exceptions into the exclusionary rule, on the ground that in these special circumstances (where police could not know they were acting illegally) application of the rule would have no real deterrent value. But the majority did not ask itself why it had any business grafting a general police reform measure—whether effective or not—onto fair trial criteria in the first place.

Even where the Court did attempt to reassert a traditional perspective on individual rights in its last term, it did so with notable tentativeness. In the Memphis firefighters case, for example, it properly overturned a lower court order, which had required the city to lay off white firefighters ahead of blacks with less seniority. The lower court had issued this order to preserve the gains in black employment from a hiring quota previously accepted by the fire department. But the Supreme Court insisted that only actual, individual victims of discrimination, not simply people of the same race, could be exempted from (contractually established) seniority criteria in administering layoffs. Justice Department officials who hailed this decision

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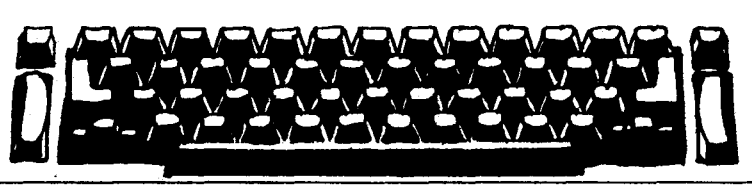

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as the death knell of affirmative action were certainly premature, however. The Court based its decision on an explicit provision regarding seniority in Title VII of the 1964 Civil Rights Act, rather than any broader constitutional principle. The Court did not even criticize or comment on the initial hiring quotas (which the district court's order was designed to protect), much less overrule the large number of past decisions endorsing open-ended race-based "remedies."

Ironically, the dissenters in this case, as in several others, still criticized the majority for "reaching" to pronounce on issues that need not have been decided. Not content with stating this complaint in his dissents, Justice John Paul Stevens aired it in a public address in mid-August. By then his cry had been taken up by a whole supporting chorus of indignant liberal critics (with Anthony Lewis again in the vanguard). It was, to say the least, a rather impudent complaint, given how many activist judicial opinions of recent years could not, by traditional criteria, have gotten into court in the first place—abstracting, as they did, from the particular rights of any particular individual.

Last year's *Bob Jones* decision marked a fantastic culmination in this pattern. No black students at (or applicants to) Bob Jones University had complained about its ban on interracial dating. Even the government, under the Reagan Administration, agreed that Bob Jones was legally entitled to a tax exemption, despite this repellent policy. So the Supreme Court, on its own initiative, appointed a Washington lawyer, entirely unconnected with the case beforehand, to argue an opposing view—which the Court then proceeded to declare the correct view of the law, ordering the government to eliminate the tax exempt status of Bob Jones University, against the wishes of both the actual parties to the "case." Needless to say, there were no complaints from Justice Stevens or Mr. Lewis about this "reaching" for a decision, where there was not even disagreement between the parties.

On the other hand, the Court this term refused to allow standing to a group of "black parents" demanding that the IRS impose affirmative action requirements on private schools throughout the nation. Justice Stevens and the *New York Times* were among the loudest protesters, insisting the "injury" suffered by millions of black parents from IRS passivity was surely enough to justify a lawsuit (even if none of the parents in this suit had children in private schools). What all the huffing about jurisdictional manipulation comes down to, then, is that liberals have come to regard procedural technicalities, like the Court's substantive policy-making, as properly reserved for the advancement and protection of "progressive" opinion only. But the narrow "conservative" majority on the Court is only beginning to break free of this spell.

In fairness, however, one must acknowledge that the Court faces very powerful resistance to any sharp break with recent patterns, as the response to its minor deviations of the past year suggests. The Court has been sustained for twenty years in its activist improvisations by a powerful brace of champions in Congress and the national media. With or without the Court's help, these partisans are quite skillful in identifying their political agenda with a transcendent vision of justice.

The *Grove City* case, for example, decided last February, must have been a powerful lesson to the Court on how dangerous it is to buck that vision, even modestly. Grove City College, one of a handful of private colleges that have steadfastly refused to partake of federal education subsidies, insisted that it could not be required to comply with a 1972 law prohibiting sex

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discrimination in "any education program or activity receiving federal financial assistance." The Court endorsed the Justice Department's claim that so long as some student at the college received federal student loan funds, Grove City's entire scholarship program must be considered a "recipient" of federal assistance, subject to the regulations on sex discrimination. But a majority also agreed with the Justice Department that all operations of the college as a whole could not fairly be considered a "program or activity receiving federal assistance" and the rest of the college could therefore be exempt from the regulations.

Feminist groups furiously denounced the Court's decision and within three months liberal Democrats in the House of Representatives had whipped through a bill imposing the full panoply of "nondiscrimination" requirements on all aspects of any institution receiving even small, indirect federal assistance. This was an extreme response, especially given the extreme interpretation of "sex discrimination" adopted by the regulations—which seem to require, for example, that schools provide abortion services if they provide any other health facilities. No female student at (or applicant to) Grove City College had ever complained of sex discrimination there. Yet to satisfy feminist demands for a pure society, Congress was prepared to say that, if a young woman (or man) chooses to attend a school with some separate activities for men and women, she (or he) must be punished with denial of federal student loans. Very few conservatives in Congress dared to speak out for a narrower approach.

Hard as it may be, though, the Court has an obligation to resist this trend toward "social rights," legal claims to a satisfying environment or a reassuring atmosphere. It is not merely a burden on liberty and diversity. Sometimes it can be quite sinister in its implications, as the Court itself illustrated in its decisions last year on abortion rights. Ten years ago, when the Court first discovered a right to abortion in the Constitution, its reasoning was based on a presumptuous *non sequitur,* but one which at least paid verbal respect to the moral qualms of abortion opponents. There is no agreement on when "life" begins in fetal development, the Court held in *Roe* v. *Wade,* and therefore (!?!) the state may not prevent the mother from terminating this possible life until the last stages of pregnancy. Plainly exasperated that this Solomonic decision failed to end charged public debate on the morality of abortion, the Court last year lashed out at a series of minor restrictions on access to abortion. In the Akron case, the Court even found unconstitutional a municipal ordinance requiring doctors to wait one day before performing a requested abortion. Plainly what the Court objected to in this ordinance was its implication that abortion is an act of great moral gravity, not to be undertaken lightly. The Court has never hinted at any constitutional difficulty with comparable state-imposed waiting periods before couples may marry or divorce (or unions may strike). But in the case of abortion, even a one day pause for reflection between the impulse and the act was too much for the Court. It might promote an uncomfortable atmosphere.

Indeed, in the same term the Court itself followed out the grim logic of this insistence on a state posture of rigid moral indifference toward the "right to life." Two years ago, a new-born infant in Indiana was allowed to starve to death when his parents refused to authorize a minor surgical procedure to save him. Hospital officials sought a court order to save him but the state courts rejected all appeals, even the very minimal plea that the court appoint an official legal advocate for the baby. And the Supreme Court rejected the effort to bring this case before it. In the recent past, it has found that the Constitution requires a due process hearing before an unruly student can be suspended from school or an infraction-prone driver can have his license revoked. But the Court could not find room in its schedule even to consider whether a malformed infant had a right to a fair hearing before being starved to death. Perhaps the Court had other reasons, but it is hard to avoid the suspicion that it did not want this terrible case to receive more publicity lest it strengthen the claim of "right-to-life" groups that moral indifference to abortion would soon lead to moral indifference to infanticide. That might create an uncomfortable atmosphere.

Once again, it must be said, a large portion of liberal political activists support and demand this strange set of priorities. Judging from its reactions to the *Grove City* case, on the one hand, and the regulations and subsequent legislation to protect handicapped infants, on the other, the *New York Times* does indeed seem to regard federal power as more appropriately extended (and far more urgently needed) to prevent women's athletic teams from being underfunded than handicapped infants from being starved to death. Perhaps they are jumping to wild conclusions, those right-to-life advocates who warn that enthusiasm for a planned society inevitably leans toward experimentation with eugenics and euthanasia, towards ridding society of the unplanned, undesirables. But surely there would be less resort to such wild speculation if the Supreme Court provided more assurance that fundamentals will always be safeguarded. There is a reason why the Constitution contains guarantees of life, liberty, and property—and none for a satisfying or comfortable social environment.

The latest term of the Supreme Court does not offer much ground for hope that the Court has come back to fundamentals. It does suggest that it will require more than a few new appointments to the Court in the next few years to bring it around. □

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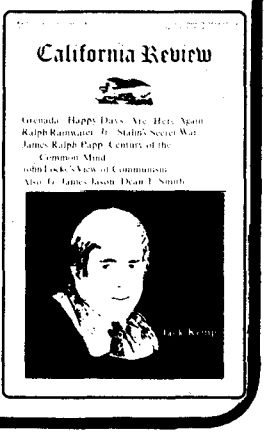

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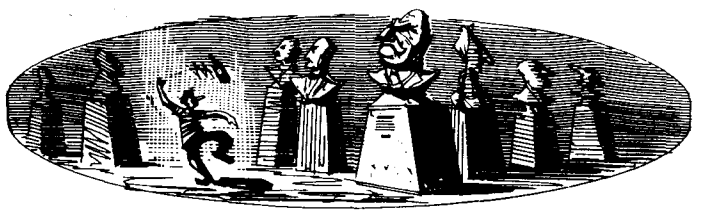

AGAINST LINCOLN: MY DISSENTING VIEWS

by Melvin E. Bradford

To speak on this particular occasion, in this small Pennsylvania town and to this audience, is, for a scholar whose opinions concerning Abraham Lincoln have been so widely discussed and systematically misrepresented, a matchless opportunity: a proper context in which to set the record straight, to clarify just what it is I have maintained against the Emancipator, and what I have not said. Beginning with these particularities, I may hope to situate myself in relation to both the best of modern Lincoln scholarship and the relentless gravity of the Lincoln myth, contribute to the larger conversation of this conference and still stand aside from its drift in the rigor of my criticism of the sixteenth President of the United States.

For the past three years the mere rumor of my complaints against the continuing influence of Father Abraham's example on the nation's public life has seemed to have a life of its own, surviving and even growing in inverse proportion to the number of times when some deflation or correction of it has been attempted in my own work or in the writings of my friends. What I think of Lincoln has therefore become an issue wholly apart from what I really think of Lincoln—an issue for editorials, front page reports, and passionate commentary—all to my general astonishment and painful instruction. In one sense it may thus be argued that the press caricature of my view of Lincoln is a confirmation of the case I make against the influence of the Lincoln myth operating to the contrary of thoughtful deliberation where the great questions of our era are concerned: pushing us instead, with diction and rhetoric, in the direction of mindless obedience and quasi-religious submission to the secular religion summarized by the greatest monument in Washington City, the Lincoln Memorial.

With respect to Lincoln I have been the subject of outraged reports issuing from Keene, New Hampshire to Los Angeles, California—and from such various sources as the *New York Times, Chicago Sun-Times, Washington Post, Wall Street Journal, Newsweek, New Republic, Chronicle of Higher Education, New York Review of Books,* and the CBS afternoon news. It would appear that my real function in all these has been like that of Goldstein in George Orwell's *1984,* as rhetorical icon or symbolic adversary. I have found that I "favor slavery," consider it to be a "tenuous multiracial experiment" yet to receive the final verdict of history, and that I censure Lincoln because of "what he did for racial equality." My "destructive idea" is that due process of law was violated by the Emancipation Proclamation. My reservations concerning Lincoln's epideictic, quasi-Biblical rhetoric are described as "insulting to Lincoln's idea of liberty." And the very errors embodied in such wild charges, requiring (as they do) some rejoinder, "prove" that there is something wrong with my character, regardless of their implausibility. Furthermore, I have been described as "committed to the proposition that popular sovereignty defines the nature of democratic government," and of causing my erstwhile associate, George Will, to seethe and "smolder" by implying an admiration for the 1854 Kansas-Nebraska Act. I have "overturned the Declaration of Independence," called Lincoln a "villain," and argued that "there is no right principle of action but self-interest." None of which can be documented from or justified by anything I have written.

Even so, the misrepresentation of my views is proof of how careful Lincoln scholars must be in specifying just how much we mean to say—especially if the possibility of reflection on the motives of our political "new messiah" is at stake: proof of the social problem of our research and analysis when it comes up against the force of an hieratic orthodoxy based on the logical fallacy of *post hoc, ergo propter hoc.* For according to the popular argument, the essential ingredients of the myth, since the Union was preserved and the bondsmen set free by the momentous series of events which had as their climax the great battle fought out on this ground and the hero then martyred after the completion of his victory, any criticism of Lincoln is a criticism of those results and a desecration of that sacrifice. Thus if we fault Lincoln in anything it will be reported that we object to both the purposive and the incidental consequences of his career. Or that we reject even the best possible construction of these results. Or blaspheme. Moreover, goes the inference, that as Lincoln did, so should we, providing for freedom an endless series of "new births." In arranging for such a sequence, the United States may deserve to be described as "the last best hope of earth." Even now, Lincoln's place among us is no merely antiquarian concern. As current demonstration of his continuing (and irrational) influence I need only mention the habit of Paul Simon of Illinois in using his anger with my "terrible" Lincoln essays as ethical proof of his right to a seat in the United States Senate in 1984. It is still important for any public figure or politician to "get right with Lincoln," even if he is confused about what the effort will cost him and where the example of Lincoln's total career will lead.

The focus of my work in Lincoln studies is upon the language and rhetorical strategy of what Lincoln wrote and said. This emphasis brings me to examine directly Lincoln's invocation of the American dream of personal success, his announced devotion to certain "propositional" truths, and his dependence upon the authority of "those old-time men" who had accomplished the American Revolution and established the Republic where "the original idea" of our national enterprise might unfold and prosper. In the pattern of his utterance and the relation of his words to his life I have found reason to consider Lincoln as primarily a *rhetor* and to treat his speeches and other writings, in all of their opportunistic variety, not as expressions of a political philosophy, but as exercises in management and manipulation, an artful music played to lift and lower the passions and, in behalf of a "policy" never fully stated (in fact, altered as he went along), to persuade.[1] It is in the context of an essentially rhetorical identity that Lincoln invokes a version of the American dream. But he is no more consistent about that doctrine than he is about other questions of principle. Or any

Melvin E. Bradford is professor of English at the University of Dallas and president of the Philadelphia Society. This essay is adapted from a speech given at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania on September 15, 1984, as part of a Gettysburg College conference on the occasion of Abraham Lincoln's 175th anniversary.

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more straightforward in inclining, as he does from the beginning of his political life, toward packaging up a "black cockade" Federalist substance inside a democratic, Jacksonian wrapper:

> . . . I presume you all know who I am. I am humble Abraham Lincoln. I have been solicited by many friends to become a candidate for the legislature. My politics are short and sweet, like the old woman's dance. I am in favor of a national bank . . . in favor of the internal improvement system and a high protective tariff.

Add to this oxymoronic posturing related commitments to protection of the interests of property, land policies which served the advantage of speculators, and general sympathy with the business and professional classes (as opposed, for instance, to farmers, Negro freedmen, or immigrant laborers)—to the idea that wealth, political order, and personal liberty come "down from the top"—and you have the image of an orthodox Whig covered up by a Democratic persona, a potent and calculated brew, with an egalitarian touch of "poor mouth" tossed in for a *soupçon*. But nothing any conservative Republican of our time could endure, even from a distance.

By his remark that government should "do for a community of people, [that] which they need to have done, but can not do, *at all,* or can not, *so well do,* for themselves," Lincoln drew a blank check on the bank of political necessity. His devotion to liberal economics was like his devotion to " . . . Mind, all conquering mind" and to "cold, calculating unimpassioned reason," and like his attachment to the moderate rhetoric of Washington, Webster, and Clay. He stuck by them so long as convenient, so long as they fed fuel into that little "engine" which knew no rest. His political ambition, whose hopes for building a political party and with it, reconstituting the government of the United States—as Solon had "remade" Athens and Lycurgus Sparta in olden times—depended on a certain flexibility: a policy "to have no policy." None of which is to say that Lincoln did not, other things being equal, prefer free states to slaveholding states, honest elections to stolen votes, the letter of the Constitution (read in a Hamiltonian way) to usurpation and tyranny, and the fruits of a free economy to fiat money, graft, peculation, and wealth created by the sponsorship of the state. And also peace to war. But not enough to put these preferences ahead of his political advantage. Lincoln perceived as primarily a rhetorician is more or less the mixed figure of Ludwell Johnson's recent analysis of the War Between the States, a man political in most political things, but transformed into something very different by the bullet of John Wilkes Booth.

The rhetorical analysis of Lincoln's work, of course, depends in great measure on insights and information developed by other kinds of Lincoln scholarship. For rhetorical criticism derives some of its authority from a well-developed sense of the context in which a specific effort at persuasion must occur. Where the Framers of the Constitution are concerned, I have drawn up my own measure of the distance between "the old policy of the Fathers" and Lincoln's distortion of their teachings. With respect to other facets of Lincoln's career, I have learned much from such commentators as Donald W. Riddle, John S. Wright, Edmund Wilson, Gottfried Dietze, V. Jacque Voegeli, Eugene H.

[1]My comments on Lincoln's rhetoric appear in *A Better Guide Than Reason: Studies in the American Revolution* (Sherwood Sugden & Co., 1979), pp. 29-57 and 185-203; in "Dividing the House: The Gnosticism of Lincoln's Rhetoric," *Modern Age,* 23 (1979), 10-24; and in "The Lincoln Legacy: A Long View," *Modern Age,* 24 (1980), 355-363.

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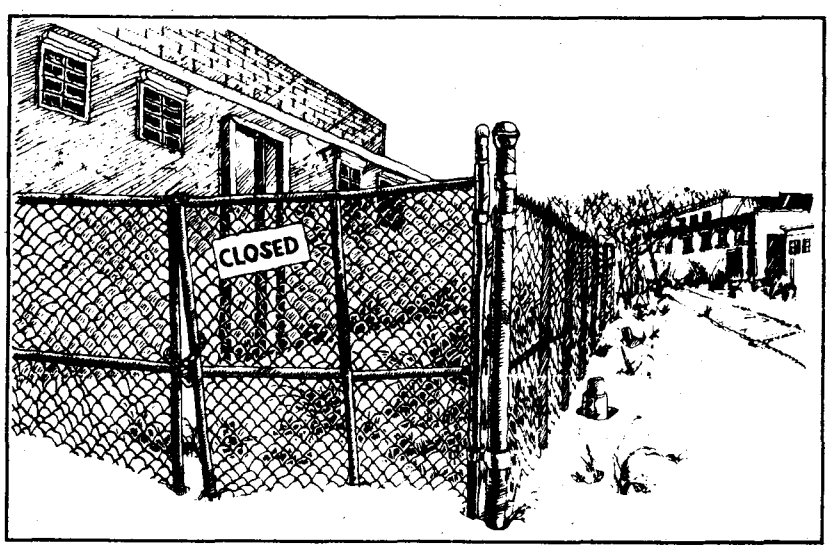

Of all the traditional values which have come under attack in recent years, perhaps none has been more thoroughly subverted than that of saving, of foregoing present consumption in order to provide future benefits. And the results have been disastrous.

Until fairly recently, Americans understood the critical importance of saving. Whether setting aside a portion of the harvest as "seed corn" for the next year's crop, laying-in stores of food for winter, or saving for a home, college, old age, or the unexpected emergency—the wisdom of saving was as deeply ingrained in the American spirit as the work ethic. Together these characteristics fueled the unprecedented economic growth of this country.

Over the past two decades, however, we have saved less and consumed more. For twenty years, personal savings (as a percent of Gross National Product) has been lower in the United States than in any other industrialized nation. The shortage of investment capital has severely retarded the modernization of our industries.

Predictably, growth in productivity has sharply declined, and the consequences have been painful. Where we once took great pride in our self-reliance and productive capacity, we now grow increasingly dependent on cheaper, and some say better, foreign-produced goods.

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For more than a century, each generation of Americans has enjoyed a standard of economic life *twice as high* as the preceding generation. We have come to take such progress for granted. But now we are faced with the very real possibility that our children will actually have to accept a lower standard of living than we have had.

Someone once remarked that the degree to which a society saves is a measure of its hope in the future. Does this suggest that an America where the credit card is "in" and the savings account is "out" will become before long an America without hope?

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Berwanger, Leon Litwack, Harry Jaffa, Willmoore Kendall, and James A. Rawley. But the reason I understand Lincoln as I do is what I find in the text of Roy Basler's edition of Lincoln's collected works: the trope of affected modesty; the *oraculum* (speaking, in the epideictic vein, the language of the gods); the *diaboli* (slandering, predicting the worst as coming from); the *argumentum ad populum* (flattering the people); the false dilemma (*crocodilities*—unacceptable choices); and, especially, the argument *ad verecundiam* (an appeal to traditional values, to the prescription of the Revolution). Only the last of these strategies involves a serious pretense of rationality; and even in appealing to an imaginary history, Lincoln is being duplicitous. Contrary to the ethics of rhetoric, he is employing all of these techniques to essentially self-serving ends: to inspire fear and anger in other men that they might act as they otherwise would not, if he were a less skillful rhetorician. In his mastery of the arts of persuasion, Lincoln leads all the other Presidents of the United States. Even when he is talking about economics; or slaves; or when he affirms the value and authority of the Union.

My favorite proofs of Lincoln's astonishing flexibility come from his statements about slavery and the Negro because, as I have learned from his thoughtless admirers, the devotees of the myth are made most uncomfortable by seeing them combined in a certain way. It is probable that Lincoln disliked Negro slavery during most of his life, just as it is obvious that most Southerners recognized slaves as human beings in that they hoped to see them accept Christianity:[2] But the evidence is clear that Lincoln was engaged in moralistic posturing when he spoke of his "hatred" for the "peculiar institution." Otherwise we have a lot of trouble explaining his action in the 1847 Matson case, in which he attempted to enforce the Fugitive Slave Law and recover runaways. And even more trouble (in view of what he had said about living off the "sweat of other men's faces") in explaining the case he filed in Lexington, Kentucky, October 2, 1849, to recover Todd slaves from Robert Wickliff, who had married into the family of Robert Todd. Lincoln handled the interests of the older Todd children in the dispersal of their father's estate between 1849 and 1851. This dispersal involved the sale of Negroes—as is clear from the Fayette County Court papers. The Lincolns did not scruple to take money from these sales—as Abraham Lincoln's public rectitude about such profits after 1854 would lead us to expect. When the railsplitter got too intense about this question, he verged toward the hypocritical. Hence the measuring of distance between Lincoln's words and deeds.

The record of his rhetoric does indeed turn on October 16, 1854 with his speech against Senator Stephen Douglas and the Kansas-Nebraska Act in Peoria, Illinois, and then intensifies further in the June 16, 1858 speech at Springfield, Illinois, "A House Divided." For in his August 1852 speeches to the Springfield Scott Club, Lincoln praised the Whigs for pacifying Southern fears of abolitionist excesses, for refusing to claim a special understanding of the Divine Will, and for avoiding all arguments from definition or original uses of the presidential power. His villain in these remarks is that "wicked free-soiler," Franklin Pierce of New Hampshire, who is satirized as "darker" than the mulatto girl of an old song. This is the Lincoln who told racial jokes and who had attacked Martin Van Buren for entertaining too advanced a view of Negro rights, not the Lincoln who spoke of "two universal armed camps engaged in a death struggle against each other." This is the Lincoln who urged his friends to be quiet about "white only" clauses in Western state constitutions; who allowed for serfdom on "loyal" plantations and spoke of emancipation as a "root, hog, or die" opportunity; and who, in his First Inaugural, agreed to accept a Thirteenth amendment to the Constitution which would have precluded any effort at the Federal level (including any later Constitutional amendment) to make this country "*all* one thing, or *all* the other" in the matter of slavery. We may set over against this Lincoln all of the familiar passages which more recent Lincoln scholars (who are determined to save him from his record) delight in quoting, and then add to them recent arguments on how he was about to transcend his "own feelings," as described in Illinois in 1858, and move toward the radical Republican camp on the question of the rights of the freedmen. This is the Lincoln who, had he lived, would have come out for fair housing in Chicago and the 1964 Civil Rights Act—a product of wishful thinking. That is, unless Republican politics had required that he move in such a direction—*in both North and South. Which no reputable historian will argue.*

I have here briefly emphasized the contradictions of Lincoln on slavery and race. But the focus could be turned as well to many other elements in Lincoln's career—his relations to persons, his view of power, his religion—or his attachment to the dreams of economic opportunity for all. In the latter instance we need think only of his suggestion that "the foreman" of his "green printing office," Salmon P. Chase, "give his paper mill another turn" and create a little money whenever funds ran short. Even on the subjects of millenarian hope and chiliastic rhetoric he "teaches it both ways," complaining quickly when someone uses the *ipse dixit* on him.

But, all of his arguments *ad hominem* in behalf of his own moral refinement aside, the case against a generous enthusiasm for the political prescription left to us by Abraham Lincoln turns on whether or not his was the *best* way to save the Union and free the slaves. Yet Lincoln did not save "the Union as it was." Rather, as the scholarship tends to agree, he played the central role in transforming it forever into a unitary structure based on a claim to power in its own right, a teleocratic instrument which, in the name of any cause that attracts a following, might easily threaten the liberties of those for whose sake it existed. By his success in getting elected on the basis of his rectitude concerning slavery, limited as that morality was by its anti-Negro base of support, Lincoln was the central agent in precipitating war. And his way of freeing the slaves—at bayonet point, in the midst of war, confined in a South angry and without means, with no Federal plan for an intermediate period of apprenticeship in freedom—in some respects is to blame for the problems faced by black Americans, which even today have not been resolved. Therefore, I refuse on principle to share in that enthusiasm, because I honor those original "political institutions" praised by Lincoln in his first important speech, to the Springfield Young Men's Lyceum in January of 1838.

There is another view of Lincoln's career and the events which surround it not suggested by the fallacy of *post hoc, ergo propter hoc,* a reading which carries a very different political lesson. Our labor is to assure that the sacrifice made here and on other ground hallowed since shall not be dishonored by the apostate vanity and intellectual arrogance of those beneficiaries of remembered courage who would, even now, distort its meaning to serve lesser causes of their own and would use Lincoln to accomplish their distortion. In all of his protean complexity, the sad man from Illinois deserves a better fate. □

[2]My answer to Harry Jaffa's claim (in "Equality, Justice, and the American Revolution: In Reply to Bradford's 'The Heresy of Equality,'" *Modern Age,* 21 [1977], 114-126) that the "authentic" representation of the Old South appears in Alexander Stephens's Corner Stone speech of March 1861, an appeal to racial theory. There is no purpose in extending the Divine Grace made available to men through the death of God's son to creatures less than human. Differences in race pale into insignificance in the context of such connections.

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BOOK REVIEWS

THE LIBERAL CRACK-UP

R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr./Simon and Schuster/$16.95

John Muggeridge

Even intellectual history has to stop somewhere. So must it have occurred to Ronald Knox when, on reaching page 558 of *Enthusiasm* (1950), his monumental study of theological kookiness down the ages, he remembered that North America remained unreported from.

"Not for us," he writes, adopting the regretful tone of an explorer overtaken by the rainy season, "to thread our way through the uncharted jungle of sects which, in that favourable climate, flourish so luxuriantly." Whereupon, having allowed himself a twenty-page digression on *The Persistence of Shakerism* which chronicles among other weird phenomena the doings of *two* self-proclaimed female messiahs operating out of New York around 1780, he packed his traps and headed meditatively for the index.

Since then others, thank goodness, have taken up the task of cutting a path through North America's sectarian jungle, and none wields a meaner machete or writes with more relish and literary aplomb about latter-day Shakerism than does R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr. Tyrrell's point is that the Bible Belt has moved eastwards. He looks for slayings in the spirit and talkings in tongues not among the hills of Appalachia, but in the lecture halls and media centers of intelligentia. Nowhere, as *The Liberal Crack-Up,* his latest eyewitness account of the region, demonstrates, has that pretense to extraordinary revelation, which Bishop Butler told John Wesley was "a horrid thing, a very horrid thing," been more widely or avidly gone in for.

Intelligentians, Tyrrell argues, went charismatic in the 1960s. Before then they had dreamt of building American-style New Jerusalems, but always they had kept in touch with the difference between dreaming and building. Under McGovern's leadership of the Democratic party, according to Tyrrell, that difference disappeared. Henry Wallaceites took over; the Vital Center stopped being vital; ideologues replaced idealists and began what Tyrrell calls "a running argument with life as it was led by normal Americans." Enter New Age Liberalism.

Or New Age Enthusiasm. Tyrrell uses the word in exactly the same sense that Knox does. Knox's enthusiast is someone who trusts blindly in the light that is within him; for Tyrrell's, "reality came to be that which tinkled and crashed and declaimed in his head—not what was humming or sprouting about his feet, not life." And it is this interior tinkling, crashing, and declaiming, uncorrupted by logic or the evidence of the senses, which, in Tyrrell's analysis, New Age Liberals were responding to when they stepped forward to receive baptism in one or more of the six contemporary enthusiasms so graphically documented in *The Liberal Crack-Up.*

Take the feminist enthusiasm. It was nurtured, Tyrrell shows, not in times of female slavery, but in the gnostic seventies, when Tom Wolfe's Third Great Awakening was at its steamiest and the search was on with a vengeance, as Tyrrell shows, for "ontological refurbishment." No wonder today's feminist-maniacs (to borrow yet another Tyrrellism) are so resolute in their opposition to facts. No wonder Susan Brownmiller never has second thoughts. Bowing to critics of her thesis that all men use the fear of rape to subjugate all women would mean going into schism. Her world is divided into faithful and faithless. Either believe that history has conspired to hide from men and women the fact that they are interchangeable, or depart into outer darkness. Getting girls onto hockey teams is a matter not of justice but of dogma.

No room here for the cut and thrust of debate. We all know what it is like arguing women's liberation. Those who live by incantations think in them. New Age Enthusiasts vent such quantities of what Tyrrell calls "cheap thought" because they have no need for the valuable variety. So we have butterfly-fancier Paul Ehrlich basing his account of man's destiny on a metaphor taken from "Star Trek"; Tyrrell labels him environmentalism's Walt Disney, and no man more richly deserved his nickname. And we have adult men and women, often possessors of post-graduate degrees, urging the American government to dismantle its military defenses in favor of a letter-writing campaign mounted by ordinary U.S. citizens to ordinary Soviet citizens. Peace can be preserved if only we can lay our hands on copies of Leningrad and Vladivostok telephone directories.

All this Tyrrell details for us. But one cannot help wondering: Is he wasting his breath? New Age Enthusiasts are now in power. They control the institutions that tell us how to think. Knox talks of Jemima Wilkinson who "believed until 1820, and some of her followers believed even after her death in that year, that she was immortal." Compare this handful of deluded Quakers in nineteenth-century New York with the serried ranks of worshippers from all religious denominations who attend today's feminist altars. And they do more than attend altars. They have persuaded legislators, educators, media packagers, and even, as I discovered last December, Christmas-carol updaters, to make unisexualism intellectually axiomatic. This is the predicament of today's social conservative. He thinks up a telling refutation of Betty Friedan's case against sexist language, only to hear himself singing "Good Christians All Rejoice."

Tyrrell overcomes the one-sane-man-in-a-loonybin syndrome by dropping into satire. For him it's an old problem. In the sixties he started a magazine called *The Alternative* designed to counter the counterculture. Over the years he has got used to the role of defending orthodoxy against established heresy and has developed a style that most beautifully complements it. His target is liberal scholasticism; he uses grandiloquence to mock its pedantry, learning to expose its shallowness and rambunctiousness to make sure that his own writing will never by any chance be mistaken for it. The same thinking is behind his use of humor. Hardly a chapter goes by without the reader being sent chuckling to the dictionary or at least feeling his lip curl contemptuously at the thought of all that "riot of idiot enthusiasms" which surround him.

But even satirists must be *for* something. Tyrrell blasts New Age Liberalism. What philosophy does he adhere to in the 1980s? Perhaps one should first ask: What philosophy *is* there to adhere to in the 1980s? Tyrrell documents the forces that have cracked up liberalism: affluence, media magic, rationalism, disenchantment with freedom ("They had worn bikinis. Now they yearned for

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straitjackets"). But haven't these same ideological acids made organized thinking along non-liberal lines as impossible? Even neoconservatives seem only able to get back to the Vital Center. It may be that in these disintegrating times satire is the only mode available to anti-liberals. The best contemporary conservatives can do is imply what they stand for.

And Tyrrell, one has to admit, is easier than most to read between the lines of. Feminism, he claims, was touched with madness and therefore futile. "Nature," he writes, "cannot be obliterated by rhetoric. It cannot even be obliterated by storm troopers and holocaust. Nature endures." Elsewhere he talks about "all those timeless arrangements, traditions, prejudices and nods to the supernatural that comfort ordinary men and women."

In other words, he is a religious conservative. Perhaps this is why the final impression left by his writing is not one of bitterness or despair, but of amused detachment. Intelligentia may have fallen into chaos, but ultimately it doesn't matter. He is after all only a visitor there. □

THE RISE OF THE RIGHT

William A. Rusher/William Morrow & Co./$15.95

Aram Bakshian, Jr.

"Shortly after President Reagan's election in 1980 I decided the time was ripe for a narrative history of the conservative movement in the United States from its origins in the early 1950s down to the present," writes William A. Rusher in the introduction to his informative, highly readable, and largely candid *The Rise of the Right*. As Mr. Rusher graciously points out, "The intellectual history of the movement had been ably described by George H. Nash in his *The Conservative Intellectual Movement in America Since 1945* (Basic Books, 1976). But its political history, both as a separate matter and in its relation to the movement's intellectual development, had never been addressed comprehensively."

Now, thanks to Bill Rusher, it has been addressed—and comprehensive is the word for this tightly constructed yet wide-reaching account of the emergence of American conservatism (to use a blanket term for what is, at best, a loose coalition) from the status of political pariah to the potentially dominant force in American politics. Mr. Rusher's Midwest origins, Ivy League education, Republican ancestry, and long-time activism in the realms of conservative journalism and politics give him a unique if occasionally schizoid view of events. One might call him the Yank at Oxford of the American Right. Subject at differing times and on different topics to at least three distinctive pulls (Republican party loyalties, intellectual conservatism in the Buckley mold, and the misnamed populism of the New Right), Mr. Rusher's personal political pilgrimage since the 1950s has had its eccentric moments—but also its intelligent hours.

Among the former, one thinks of his flirtation with a third-party movement in 1976 and his somewhat bigamous posture toward Ronald Reagan's candidacy in 1979 and early 1980, when he nearly suffered the fate of Rumpelstiltskin (who, as readers of the Brothers Grimm will recall, was split asunder) in his efforts to keep one foot in the Reagan camp and the other in that of Representative Phil Crane, of whose embarrassing primary performance the less said the better.

But most of the time, on most of the issues, Bill Rusher has been on target, both ethically and pragmatically. And the very catholicity of his conservative tastes—even his obvious relish for backstairs politics—makes him the ideal chronicler of what he accurately calls the Rise of the Right. To say that he has mastered his subject and seen through the ephemeral to the significant is no small praise in a movement that, even now, at what may be the threshold of its triumph, is riven by so many cabals and so much frivolous squabbling.

These negatives are the unfortunate but probably inevitable side effects—there are useful ones as well—of a movement that spent so many years in the political wilderness. One sees the same thing in even the noblest of exile groups and underground movements, internal jealousies, factionalism, and conspiracies along with an obsession for ideological purity that sometimes pits reasonable men and women against each other over unreasonable trifles.

Heaven knows, American conservatives endured much of the suffering of a banished band of émigrés or a banned, clandestine movement during the decades when they were denied fair representation in the media, academia, and the corridors of power. The result, in too many of our number, has been a lingering sense of persecution that is sometimes, but far from always, warranted. Even as this review is written, there are nervous little political appointees (not to mention office seekers) who occupy or wish to occupy third and fourth echelon posts in the Reagan Administration and who blame every failure and frustration—every job or promotion denied—on allegedly "non-Reaganite" technocrats. Since the latter are the people that Mr. Reagan himself appointed to help him run the country, one can only conclude that the gripers are wrong or that Mr. Reagan has voluntarily placed himself in the position of King Charles the Second, of whom the Earl of Rochester wrote the mock epitaph:

Here lies our sovereign lord, the King,
Whose word no man relies on;
He never said a foolish thing,
Nor ever did a wise one.

Charles's answer (but not the Gipper's) was that, if it was true it was because his words were his own but his actions were his ministers'. So some of the carping—and there isn't all that much in Mr. Rusher's book—is warranted. But, based on two and a half years spent as a senior aide to President Reagan, I am forced to conclude that most of it isn't. Every day I was exposed to both the self-styled, complaining loyalists and the people they denounced as technocrats.

With few exceptions, I found the technocrats much more loyal and conservative than their critics gave them credit for. Conversely, I found some of the critics less competent and, for that matter, less loyal, than they gave themselves credit for.

All of them were part of a unique team that no one but Ronald Reagan could have pulled together and held together at this stage of American political development. Hence one of the biggest challenges facing thinking conservatives and Republicans in the next few years is finding an heir supple and inspiring enough to fill the old cowpoke's rather large boots once he departs. For, like Franklin Roosevelt before him, it has been Mr. Reagan's personal qualities as a candidate and elected leader, at least as much as his straight philosophical message (which he at times deliberately mutes or blurs), that has allowed him to lead a minority movement under the banner of a minority party to victory.

The emergence of the Right—to which Bill Rusher has made many a priceless contribution—was a part, *but only a part,* of what brought us Ronald Reagan and a Republican Senate in 1980 and will, barring a disaster, return them this November. Like Roosevelt before him, Mr. Reagan embraced many profoundly ideological positions and brought many ideologues into his administration. But both men, at bottom, were brilliant politicians who, in drastically different times and circumstances, reached beyond the small number of radical purists who shaped many of their ideas but had never been able to win the support of anything close to a governing coalition based on popular elections. Not all right-to-lifers are supply-siders, not all libertarians are patriots or exponents of anything resembling Judeo-Christian ethical, not to mention moral, values, and not all Democratic politicians in the years ahead can be expected to dig their own graves.

What we are left with as conservatives—and Mr. Rusher seems to strike the same note—is reasonable grounds for measured optimism. But only so long as the disparate elements of the New Right, Neoconservatism,

William A. Rusher

Aram Bakshian, Jr., currently a thrice-weekly columnist for the Washington Times, *has served as an aide to three Presidents, most recently as Director of Speechwriting for Ronald Reagan. He writes frequently on politics, history, and the arts and is the author or co-author of five books including* Winning the White House, *which appeared in England this September.*

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Traditional Conservatism, and millions of morally concerned, sensible, but largely nonideological citizens without strong loyalty to any political party can all be kept under the same tent—and even the strongest tent can be blown away in a storm. Foundations for a more permanent structure have barely been begun. To the extent they have been, a large part of the praise is due to pioneer conservatives like Bill Rusher and Bill Buckley who encouraged so many younger writers and activists to take their fledgling steps in the movement, and to Ronald Reagan who made it possible for them to become active parts of America's first thoroughly right-of-center administration in the post-Depression era.

As Mr. Rusher concludes:

> . . . Reagan's victory [in 1980] can be said to mark the point at which the conservative movement achieved a political maturity equal to the intellectual maturity it already possessed. In one sense, it just doesn't matter whether conservatism wins or loses some particular future election: The point is that conservatism is unmistakably *on the playing field* at last, as one of the two major contestants. It has numerous candidates for public office eager to expound its views; it has seasoned political managers ready to manage their campaigns; it has formidable research institutions developing its analyses of every conceivable issue; it has "public interest" lawyers testing its contentions in the courts; it has columnists, radio and television commentators, and authors of all sorts, pleading its causes; and slowly but steadily young conservative journalists and academicians are entering and rising through those long-hostile ranks. Contemplating the generation of young conservatives that is coming along after my own, I am sometimes reminded of Ripley's dramatic formulation for the growth of the population of China: If the Chinese people were to march, four abreast, past a given point, they would march on forever.
>
> The key, I would suggest, is for us to keep our shared sense of common direction without trying to force our comrades-in-arms to march in lockstep. □

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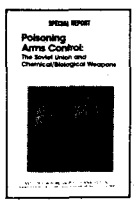

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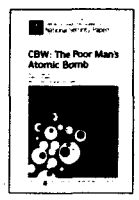

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THE SPIRIT OF ENTERPRISE

George Gilder/Simon and Schuster/$17.95

William McGurn

When he published his best-selling *Wealth and Poverty* some four years ago, George Gilder thrust himself into the center of the heated debate over the worth of the American economic system. On the one side were arrayed those who reject capitalism *in toto*; on the other, those who defended it only for its immense material benefits. Above the intense bickering Gilder waved his hand and silenced the crowd with the baldness of his pronouncement: More than just efficient, America's system of free enterprise was, he said, good.

It was the "good" that threw people. The father of capitalism himself, Adam Smith, hadn't ever gone so far, limiting his celebrated baker to at best an accidental virtue. For nearly two centuries capitalism's defenders continued in this line, relying on the traditional least-possible-evil approach in their arguments. Gilder has taken it further. Almost alone he has insisted that a free-market economy, in addition to its aforementioned physical prowess, is what philosophers would call a "positive" good.

In other words, as the driving force of capitalism's vast productive engine Gilder has found a transcendent ideal. If ever an idea had a consequence, this was it. Slowly, glacierlike, the nature of the debate has changed accordingly. Who could imagine, for example, James Buckley's vigorous defense of the free market at a Mexico City Population Conference taking place before the publication of *Wealth and Poverty*? Or even the current argument over whether the Reagan tax cuts went far *enough*? In the surge and pulse of America's present economic boom, only Gilder appears to have a handle on its underlying reasons. That is not too surprising: He had been predicting it all along.

Today Gilder has followed up *Wealth and Poverty* with another groundbreaker, *The Spirit of Enterprise*. With this book, he has moved from the textbook where businessmen are merely described and into the furnace where their spirit is forged. Here are his first lines, taken from the opening paragraph:

> The prevailing theory of capitalism suffers from one central and disabling flaw: a profound distrust and incomprehension of capitalists. With its circular flows of purchasing power, its intricate interplays of goods and moneys, all modern economics, in fact, resembles a vast mathematical drama, on an elaborate stage of theory, without a protagonist to animate the play.

In the subsequent pages of this book the give and take of commercial life, hitherto deemed tawdry and mundane, is revealed in all its earthy splendor.

Armando Codina is typical. One of the 14,000 children evacuated from Cuba in Operation Pedro Pan, he arrived on America's shores with just two words of English: "hamburger" and "Coke." First he was sent to an orphanage. Then he was adopted by a New Jersey family. In 1965, at age 17, Codina took a job as messenger boy at Jacksonville's American National Bank. He was promoted to teller in 1967.

The young Cuban was no simple nine-to-fiver. Fascinated by computers, he spent his nights and weekends trying to come up with a software program that would computerize the teller accounting system. It worked, and by the time he moved to Miami two years later, Codina had progressed far enough to become a loan officer at National Republic Bank.

There he got the idea that would make him rich. While trying to justify a loan for a distinguished local physician who was short of cash, Codina discovered that the doctor's financial records were a sea of complicated insurance, government, and financial forms. The doctor, who wasn't even sure what was owed him, referred Codina to his nurse. "Ask Katy—she'll know," he told Codina. Realizing that many of the 300,000 physicians across the country probably were faced with similar problems, Codina looked to his friend the computer for an answer. He then set about to design

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a software package that would organize all the doctor's necessary information in an easy and coherent way.

After ten months of labor, Codina came up with a package, still with no guarantee that anyone would ever buy it. On the basis of an $18,000 loan from the Small Business Administration, Codina launched the Professional Services Corporation. At first, the business's only customers were a few associates of the doctor whose offices Codina had used when he was working on his design. Gradually the package caught on, and, as Codina modified the package to fit other physician specialties, Professional Services' value soared into the millions. Today, at age 35, Armando Codina is vice president of the Miami Chamber of Commerce, a director of the Catholic Boystown camp that took him in twenty years ago, a member of Vice President George Bush's Task Force on Crime, and a volunteer active in other civic and business efforts.

Gilder cites literally dozens of other entrepreneurs in his book; like Codina, they are impossible to drop neatly into some fixed category. Also like Codina, these entrepreneurs are essentially normal people who, in a climate that allowed them relative room for maneuver, responded to some nagging problem in an original way. On top of working hard and knowing how to listen, they had to have respect for even the lowliest part of their operations. Above all, they had to be willing to take that ultimate risk, to have confidence that "the crowd is always wrong." Time and again, with an eloquence borne of passion, Gilder hammers away at his theme: Opportunity is in the eye of the beholder. If that sounds a tad too Horatio Algerish for twentieth-century tastes, probably it was meant to. The notion that the frontiers are closed, that there is no more opportunity, is based on the same static assumptions that make the U.S. economy's turnaround so incomprehensible to its economists.

The other thing to consider is that each entrepreneurial success, though occurring within some definite shared pattern, is nonetheless always by nature unique. In Augustine's adaption of Platonic philosophy, the "forms" underlying all things were no more than "ideas" in the mind of the Creator. Similarly, the product is an idea in the entrepreneur's mind that he has given a material shape to. Because it is thus primarily a process of the mind moving back and forth from theory to practice, a success like Armando Codina's cannot be confined to an equation without sucking out its lifeblood. Trying to define an entrepreneurial triumph by squeezing it into some equation is akin to trying to define the *Mona Lisa* by its length, width, and number of pigments: The result is not really false, but it is hardly true.

As silly as these numbers games seem, they have been a favorite passion in this century's pursuit of the rational. No better example of this statistical hypnosis exists than Europe. Indeed, that all manner of American economists persist in their calls for a national industrial policy, the elimination of "waste," and more joint government-business operations is most ironic, given that this is more or less a description of today's Europe. It is probably the most rationalized collection of Western economies around; for the same reason, it is probably the most stagnant. In general its governments have combined a bureaucratic zeal for the rational with a distaste for what Gilder properly sees as the animating force of any economy: people.

"When the capitalists are thwarted, deflected, or dispossessed," writes Gilder, "the generals and politicians, the guerrilla chieftains and socialist intellectuals, are always amazed at how

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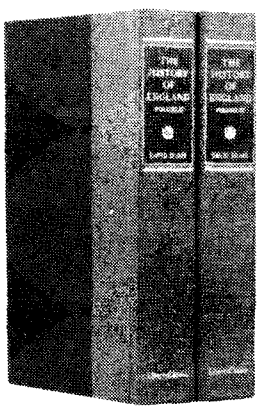

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quickly the great physical means of production—the contested tokens of wealth and resources of nature—dissolve into so much scrap, ruined concrete, snarled wire, and wilderness." Much of this has happened in Europe over the past two decades, albeit in a nonviolent way. The myriad idiocies of the Common Market need no detail here, but consider for a moment the European attitude toward immigrants and how it reflects the anti-people climate of the continent. At present, the governments of France, Belgium, England, Holland see in their immigrants (many of them from former colonies) a tremendous burden. In France, the government is paying immigrants to go back whence they came. A current Belgian joke asks, "What's the difference between North Africans and E.T.?" Answer: "E.T. wanted to go home."

Adding insult to injury here is the fact that many of Europe's immigrants—the Turks in Germany, for instance—were *invited* in when there was a shortage of labor. Even now, in the restrictive atmosphere of Europe, immigrants are providing services no native would dream of doing. In London, were it not for the Pakistanis, no shops would be open at night or early in the morning. On my own block in Brussels, the only food store open past 7:30 p.m. is run by Turks.

Europeans do not see this, or at least they do not see its magnitude. At the same time, they eye the U.S. recovery with awe (using terms like "economic miracle"); they forget that America's success is an immigrants' (again, people's) success. There is no good reason why Germans, Irish, Italians, Turks, Swedes, Dutch, Belgians, Greeks, and so on should not prosper on their own soil as they do in America. But they don't. The reason is that Europeans still do not grasp the entrepreneurial source of American wealth, so mesmerized are they by numbers and the physical means of production. The American recovery, just one chapter in our historical economic progress, is built in large part on immigration, which by definition means people: A growing economy always makes room.

What the Europeans *have* understood is that they have paid dearly for the years of hostility they have shown toward commerce. Unfortunately, understanding what one has done wrong is not the same thing as understanding what is right. If the past is any clue, the European governments will simply replace their disastrous policy of ruining businesses with the equally loathsome policy of getting in bed with them, i.e., trying to lure fat conglomerates to their countries with an enticing package of government subsidies and benefits (witness the U.K.'s experience with John DeLorean). How ironic that such special treatment is reserved for foreign concerns. These countries would be a lot better off were they instead to show some confidence in their own people, by slashing their horrendous taxes and reducing the seemingly endless restrictions on business. With the history, education, and wealth of experience of their countries, Europe's leaders are sitting atop a gusher of untold riches, if only they had the good sense to loosen the cap. As Gilder would put it, what they lack most is faith.

Gilder speaks at great length about faith toward the end of his book. The free-market system, after all, is founded on trust and promises; in contrast to the static economies' preoccupation with the moment, a capitalist people is future-oriented. As Gilder points out, the life of the entrepreneur, with its attendant risks, discipline, and militant hope, is a life that "springs from religious faith and culture." A hedonist free-market society will soon run through the spiritual capital on which it depends.

Here I fear he is most vulnerable to attack. Just as Adam Smith—a moral philosopher by trade—would be horrified to hear some of the things that have been attributed to him, so too might Gilder be horrified that many who read only *The Spirit of Enterprise* might see him as a sort of twisted Calvinist, measuring a man's moral worth by the size of his bank account. That is always a pitfall when one part of someone's views are abstracted, and so I suggest that Gilder should begin another book that makes this link between faith and culture much more explicit, rounding out his perspective on the full man. So full and rich is Gilder's world vision, that it cries out for this kind of book.

The other reservation I have is Gilder's decidedly negative view of anything that seems to deflect attention from the valiant entrepreneur. True, "big business" (itself an abstraction) is not going to be on the cutting edge of creativity, but it does have its role: an important one, too. In no way does this detract from the primacy of the entrepreneur. All those big businesses, from Standard Oil to McDonald's, themselves are traceable to some entrepreneur. Bigness is part of their success, just as it is for those entrepreneurs in these pages.

Nevertheless, what Gilder has done in *The Spirit of Enterprise* is to draw out the stars of his earlier *Wealth and Poverty* from all those facts, figures, and charts under which they are usually buried, to give them their due. Largely because of such efforts as this, capitalism is no longer quite the dirty word it was just a short time ago, and the most surprising folks are trying to get in on the act. Even François Mitterrand, a Socialist party president who started out with three Communists in his government, came to Silicon Valley and began muttering tax relief. Yet until governments like Mr. Mitterrand's unshackle the source of productivity, they will have nothing more to show for their efforts than giant, lifeless hunks of matter, useless without the souls that make them go.

But souls always come with people wrapped around them. The astounding variety they come in is the factor that gives human existence its charm, those surprising talents and tastes of even the most ordinary people that often make us smile and sometimes leave us in awe. The story of the entrepreneur is the story of his struggle to bring these talents to the market; the successful are the "heroes of economic life."

This sense of drama is what makes Gilder's tales read—as any truly human tales read—like novels, with interesting characters and complicated plots. There is J.R. Simplot, rising from the western brush to command a financial empire of frozen french fries, apartment complexes, hotels, mining concerns, box-making plants, lumbering facilities, and even semiconductor chips. There is John Masters, an unemployed 47-year-old explorer working out of a borrowed room in Calgary, later to discover the largest gas basin in North America. There is Milos Krofta, a Yugoslavian immigrant who would transform a youthful concern for clean water into a multinational firm; there is, too, Jose Pinero, a Cuban who arrived in Miami penniless and yet became one of the thousands of other successful refugees who restored the lustre to a tired American city.

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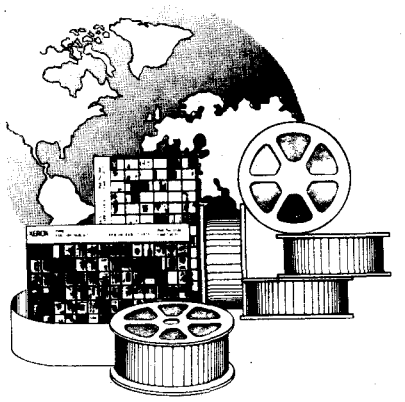

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empires of industry can usually be found a perspiring entrepreneur, often frustrated and fatigued, struggling over a machine that won't quite work." In that the entrepreneur is much like the driven members of other professions, be they poets, painters, athletes, or teachers, all those for whom "good enough" isn't quite good enough. The larger point, of course, is that the driven members of any group define that group: Art flourishes because of creative artists and business thrives because of creative businessmen. Consequently, those entrepreneurs so vividly portrayed here are more than just interesting cases in the recovery; they *are* the recovery.

In the same way that two centuries ago the mercantilists misunderstood wealth to be gold or natural resources, the current crop of economists—professional doomsayers—locate it in infrastructures, national industrial policy, anything but the people who create it. That is why economists are so unnerved by it and why they keep to their warnings that it is not going to last. For the same reason, perhaps, so many of the great books on wealth, from the *Wealth of Nations* to *The Spirit of Enterprise*, have not been written by economists. That point is worth pausing over the next time you read some economist's gloomy prediction that the U.S. economy is in danger of "overheating." Don't believe it for a moment! □

DEZINFORMATSIA: ACTIVE MEASURES IN SOVIET STRATEGY

Richard H. Schultz Jr. and Roy Godson
Pergamon-Brassey's/$19.95; $12.95 paper

Eric M. Breindel

During the campaign to block the deployment of American nuclear missiles in Europe late last year, a Soviet diplomat is alleged to have boasted to a Dutch journalist: "If Moscow decides that 50,000 protestors should take to the streets of Amsterdam this week, then 50,000 there will be." This was not empty arrogance. Throughout Western Europe, and in the United States, large organizations have been created, or are directed by, activists operating at the behest of Moscow, determined to serve Soviet foreign-policy interests.

Many rank-and-file members of such groups—the World Peace Council, for example—do not realize that their activities are orchestrated by the Soviets, or by Moscow's domestic surrogates. Lenin would have termed these idealistic innocents "useful idiots." (Before charges of "red-baiting" and "McCarthyism" are hurled, let it be said that many, if not most, political groups engaged in combating American foreign policy have no ties whatever to the Soviets or their allies. It should also be said, however, that many of the most effective ones do.)

Front organizations are but one element in a broad range of deception techniques that fall under the general rubric of "Active Measures"—a KGB term translated directly from Russian—or "Dezinformatsia" (disinformation). One such technique is the use of forged documents which, after dissemination, lead to false news stories in the international media. And there are also "agents of influence"—men and women, frequently working either in journalism or in government, who carry out their duties with Soviet needs in mind. Espionage, it is well to note, does not fall into the category described here.

With regard to the semantic issue, some authorities hold that disinformation, defined in the Russian language dictionary of the Soviet Academy of Sciences as a "false, inaccurate announcement [made] with the aim of confusing someone," is but one component in a larger Active Measures arsenal. Others, including Richard H. Shultz, Jr. and Roy Godson, authors of *Dezinformatsia: Active Measures in Soviet Statecraft*, deem it appropriate that the two terms be used interchangeably.

Thus for our purposes, a given front organization is best described as a disinformation phenomenon, as would be a forged State Department cable.

Shultz and Godson are pioneers. In this lucid study, they analyze these aspects of Soviet foreign policy with the precision and rigor of top-flight scholarship. *Dezinformatsia* demonstrates that certain methods of deception are central—not incidental—elements of Soviet statecraft.

We in the West know precious little about these techniques. But thanks in large measure to high-level defectors—Stanislav Aleksandrovich Levchenko, a former KGB officer responsible for intelligence activities in Japan; Ladislav Bittman, formerly a ranking Czech intelligence official; and several others—we know an enormous amount more than we did, say, a decade ago. At that time, our understanding of this area of endeavor amounted to roughly zero.

In advancing our grasp of disinformation, key defectors are a condition *sine qua non*. Shultz and Godson interviewed both Levchenko and Bittman in great depth; the edited interviews appear as appendices in *Dezinformatsia*. But for the public at large, and even for U.S. and other Western intelligence agencies, to come to terms more fully with this element in our adversary's arsenal, determined—and intellectually courageous—scholars and journalists are another essential ingredient.

John Barron, a senior editor at *Reader's Digest,* is one such journalist. Barron's recent work, *KGB Today: The Hidden Hand,*[1] a successor volume to *KGB: The Secret Work of Soviet Secret Agents,* established him as one of the foremost students of Soviet intelligence in the free world. It is in *KGB Today* that the full, fascinating, and distressing stories of Levchenko and other major defectors are recounted. When Barron focused primarily on Soviet espionage, as in his first book, he was not engaged in a particularly shocking task. No one disputes the fact that both "we" and "they" undertake espionage.

But disinformation is another mat-

[1]Reviewed by Curtis Cate in the October 1983 *American Spectator.* —*Ed.*

Eric M. Breindel is adjunct professor at the Georgetown University School of Foreign Service.

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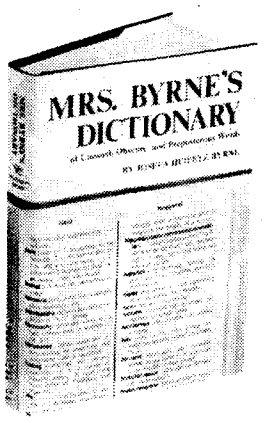

Yes, for years I couldn't remember the right words. People I considered complete idiots were finishing my sentences for me. I was leaving blanks in my love letters and suicide notes. I found how bleak the future was when I tried a little cephalonomancy (fortunetelling by watching cheese coagulate).

I went from doctor to doctor looking for help, finally becoming a confirmed iatrapistiac (one having little faith in doctors), especially when one suggested I needed a hepaticocholangiocholeystenterostomy (look it up).

Then I found *Mrs. Byrne's Dictionary.* Now I can be unusual, obscure and reposterous by turns. Now I don't need an unabridged to go along with my collegiate. For entertainment now, I browse instead of groak (watching people silently while they eat, hoping they'll ask you to join them). I don't care anymore that we have a kakistocracy (government of rule by the worst).
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ter. In drawing on his secret sources to traverse this still largely unexplored terrain, Barron demonstrated a courageous willingness to take on a subject that many in the West, finding it too painful to consider, simply reject—sometimes mockingly. *Dezinformatsia* authors Shultz, a widely recognized Tufts University expert on warfare, and Godson of Georgetown University, perhaps the leading academic authority in America on the field of intelligence, display a kindred courage in treating a subject which many would wish to deny as worthy of scholarly inquiry.

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Why this ostrich-like disposition? In part, perhaps, because the entire matter is frightening. For the issue at hand is the ability of the world's foremost totalitarian power, and its satellites, to use the free institutions of free societies in a concerted effort to undermine and ultimately destroy the latter. Disinformation encompasses deceptions the other side may easily practice on us—making use, for example, of a free press—but which we, for obvious reasons, never will be able to practice in kind on them.

Involved here, also, is a degree of gullibility—and embarrassment. It is not a happy thing for journalists to recognize, for example, that since the mid-1970s, three to four KGB forgeries a year—some manufactured out of whole cloth; others sophisticated alterations of genuine documents—have found their way into establishment media outlets. In 1975, the KGB produced a "last will and testament" of the late Chinese Premier Zhou En-lai; acknowledging the errors of the Cultural Revolution, the ostensible will envisaged a return to some variant of Sino-Soviet alliance. This forgery, designed to sow unrest in Japan about Tokyo's developing relationships with China, was published in the *Sankei Shimbun,* a leading moderate (non-leftist) Japanese daily. It was immediately picked up by Tass and relayed around the world.

Some two years ago, photos of a purported State Department cable, containing "remarks" by U.N. Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick in which she predicted the "balkanization" of India, and the eventual reduction of India's influence in the Third World, were published first in a series of Indian newspapers, then later throughout the Third World. On a different occasion, even the (left-leaning, but still for many decades highly prestigious) *New Statesman,* a London weekly, was also taken in by a forgery involving Ambassador Kirkpatrick.

And right now, a Greek journalist, Paul Anastasi, is appealing a libel judgment against him stemming from a book in which he argued that the reason *Ethnos,* the most profitable daily in Greece, frequently assumes an editorial posture akin to that of *Pravda,* is that its start-up in 1981 was aided by KGB funds—and that its publisher, George Bobulas, is a Soviet "agent of influence."

The world of disinformation is necessarily peppered with somewhat vague terms like "agent of influence." And here, perhaps, is the thorniest aspect of the disinformation phenomenon. What Barron, the master story-teller, and Shultz and Godson, careful conservative political scientists, endeavor to expose is a realm of deception in which much—if not most—is legal or quasi-legal (albeit dishonorable). For we are dealing not only with the planting of forged documents, but also with large organizations that are certainly legal and "legitimate," notwithstanding their hidden agendas—and with influential journalists and journals, also rewarded with genuine scoops in exchange for services.

Shultz and Godson, and John Barron, have labored long and hard to alter the climate of opinion in the West with regard to disinformation. Another valiant soldier in this effort is Sir James Goldsmith, the Anglo-French publisher of *L'Express.*

More than three years ago, Goldsmith spoke at a House of Commons meeting of the Conservative party's Media Committee. In the course of a general discussion of Soviet disinformation techniques, Goldsmith reported that a Czech defector, General Jan Sejna, the former Secretary of the Czech Communist party's Defense Committee, had acknowledged that a campaign in the West German news magazine *Der Spiegel* to discredit Franz Josef Strauss—the Bavarian statesman and opponent of *Ostpolitik*—was orchestrated by the KGB.

The corporate entity "Spiegel Verlag" promptly sued Goldsmith, in Great Britain, for libel.

But just now, in October, the *Spiegel* publishers have withdrawn the action. In the plaintiff-defendant joint declaration of settlement, *Spiegel's* counsel, John Wilmers, Q.C., explained that the plaintiff had taken exception to the implication that the magazine was "*under the control*" of the KGB, that it "*knowingly*" employed "*journalists who are Communist intelligence agents,*" and finally that it is, in fact, a "*KGB front organization* [my italics]." *Spiegel* sought "to refute any such suggestions and to ensure that their journalistic and editorial independence is not in question."

It seems fairly obvious that Goldsmith never suggested any of the above. He meant to say, *and said*, that *Der Spiegel* might well have been penetrated, used; that the German magazine was a victim of KGB intrigue—of disinformation.

Sir James's counsel, Lord Rawlinson, Q.C., offered an eloquent and concise statement of Goldsmith's stance:

> Sir James' position is that in pursuance of their policies, the Soviets conduct massive and continuous propaganda campaigns both OVERT and COVERT—the former through overtly controlled Communist media throughout the world, the latter consisting of the dissemination and planting of stories, many of which are based on forgeries and deliberate falsehoods known as "disinformation. . . ."
>
> In pursuance of their aims the Soviets make use of unwitting western media. In addition to the overtly controlled Communist press—the value of which is limited since the sources are publicly known—there is a major and continuous effort to plant propaganda covertly through well-placed agents of influence who themselves may be either conscious or unconscious of the role that they are playing. The media thus used are not intended to realize that they are participating in KGB orchestrated campaigns.
>
> It is Sir James' position that in pursuance of these policies, the Soviets made a conscious decision to seek to discredit the West German politician Dr. Franz Josef Strauss and mounted a campaign of defamation, disinformation and provocation against him. Franz Josef Strauss was Minister of Defence in Chancellor Adenauer's government when he made a speech in the Bundestag calling for the deployment on German soil of U.S. controlled nuclear weapons so as to counterbalance the growing Soviet threat. It is Sir James' position that against that background the Soviets decided to make use in that campaign of the fact that *Der Spiegel* was well known as opposing Dr. Strauss' political views and regularly published articles expressing that opposition.

Goldsmith was prepared to call witness after witness—foremost among them Soviet and East Bloc defectors—from Great Britain, West Germany, and the United States. He intended to demonstrate, first, that disinformation, as an aspect of Soviet statecraft, was a concrete reality. He was then prepared to show that meetings were held at which plans were approved—several participants were ready to describe these sessions—to discredit Strauss via *Der Spiegel.*

It seems that the *Spiegel* management is no longer anxious to litigate this issue. So long as Goldsmith is willing to depict the magazine only as an unhappy, unwitting victim—hardly a flattering circumstance—Mr. Wilmers, representing the magazine, is himself disposed to concede that "Soviet intelligence seeks to operate in the way stated by my learned friend" (Lord Rawlinson). Wilmers, it should be noted, continues to insist that the magazine remains "not conscious of having been used in the manner mentioned by Sir James Goldsmith."

Goldmith's triumph could not have been more complete. And disinformation, it would seem, is less and less easily to be characterized as a paranoid fantasy nurtured by those whom the *Daily World* tends to describe as "anti-Sovieteers." □

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THE HISTORY AND IMPACT OF MARXIST-LENINIST ORGANIZATIONAL THEORY

John P. Roche/Institute for Foreign Policy Analysis, Inc./$7.50

Joseph Shattan

In his now famous *Letter to the Soviet Leaders,* Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn attributed the evils of modern Russia to its ruling Marxist-Leninist ideology. This assertion provoked a debate between Solzhenitsyn and Andrei Sakharov in the journal *Kontinent*. Unlike Solzhenitsyn, Sakharov minimized the importance of Marxism-Leninism. "I see present-day Soviet society as being marked rather by ideological indifference and the cynical use of ideology as a convenient facade," Sakharov wrote. To which Solzhenitsyn replied, "Ideology wrings out our souls like floor rags; it corrupts us and our children; it brings us down below the level of animals—and it is 'of no importance'?"

The Sakharov-Solzhenitsyn debate brought to the fore issues that have long divided anti-Communists. For the "Sakharov wing" of the anti-Communist movement, Marxist-Leninist ideology is not the driving force behind Soviet expansionism, but constitutes, rather, what the Italian political philosopher, Gaetano Mosca, called a "political formula," justifying the rule of the Soviet "new class." For the "Solzhenitsyn wing," on the other hand, ideology is the very essence of the Soviet regime, that which accounts for both its history and its character. Sakharovites tend to stress the manipulative, instrumental features of Marxism-Leninism—the ways in which it serves to buttress, rationalize, and extend the power of the Soviet leadership. Solzhenitsynites stress its eschatological, utopian dimension—its attempt to create a "new man," to inaugurate a new era in human history. Last but not least, Solzhenitsynites often write from an avowedly religious perspective—feeling, perhaps, that only religion offers an adequate response to the ideological challenge posed by Marxism-Leninism—while Sakharovites are just as often secular in outlook.

John Roche's masterful study of Marxist-Leninist thought is very much in the Sakharovite tradition. Like Sakharov, Roche is a genuine liberal, one who understands that if the world is to be made "safe for diversity" (as John Kennedy once put it) Communism must be contained. But Roche's anti-Communism is as much a product of experience as reflection. Having abandoned his father's Coughlinite politics at the age of fifteen to become a member of the Young People's Socialist League, Roche has been an active anti-Communist for almost forty-five years. In a sense, this book is a meditation on those forty-five years of political activity, an attempt to explain how someone who holds "anti-Communist primitives" in open contempt, who served for three terms (1962-65) as National Chairman of the Americans for Democratic Action, and who has been closely identified throughout his entire political life with the American labor movement, can be as unyieldingly anti-Communist as the staunchest Reaganaut.

According to Roche, most analyses of Soviet ideology are based on a faulty premise. They assume that Marxism-Leninism is a form of high theory, a corpus of ideas, whereas in reality it is "an organizational theory, which the Mafia must envy, devised to enhance the power of an elite working in the framework of Russian self-interest." The typical Communist *apparatchik* is not a "true believer" or an ideologue, but rather a "cynical gangster," an "ideological whore," someone who thinks that all ideals are worthless, except insofar as they enable him to manipulate others.

Roche traces the history of Marxist-Leninist manipulations from the establishment of the Comintern in 1919, to the "Peace Movement" of today. Along the way, he discusses Lenin's possible role in the murder of Rosa Luxemburg, the disastrous theory and practice of "Social Fascism," the intricate diplomatic dance that led to the Nazi-Soviet pact of 1939, the internal feuds in the Stalinist bureaucracy that culminated in the Cold War of 1945, the bizarre antics of the American Communist party, such as its 1944 decision, later reversed, to self-destruct, the evolution of Sino-Soviet relations, and other episodes in the sordid saga of international Communism. His style throughout is discursive and anecdotal, yet his scholarship is impeccable, and he manages to compress an enormous amount of history into a very short volume.

One anecdote, in particular, told by the disenchanted Italian ex-Communist, Ignazio Silone, sums up for Roche the essential character of the Communist movement. It seems that at a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Comintern, the issue to be decided was how the British Communists should react when confronted by a Labour party demand that any branch which admitted Communists be expelled:

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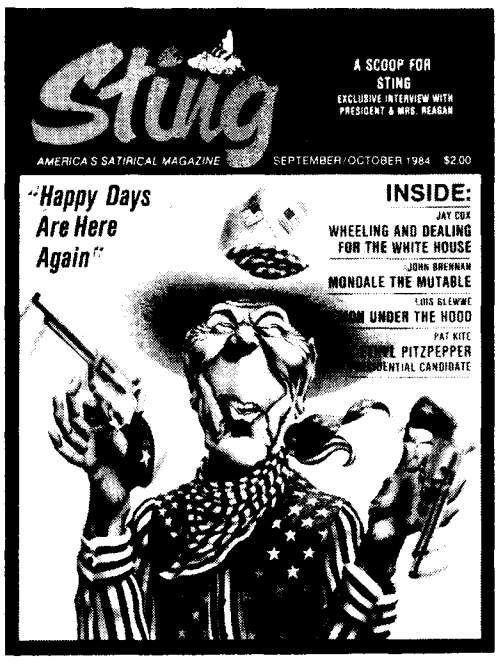

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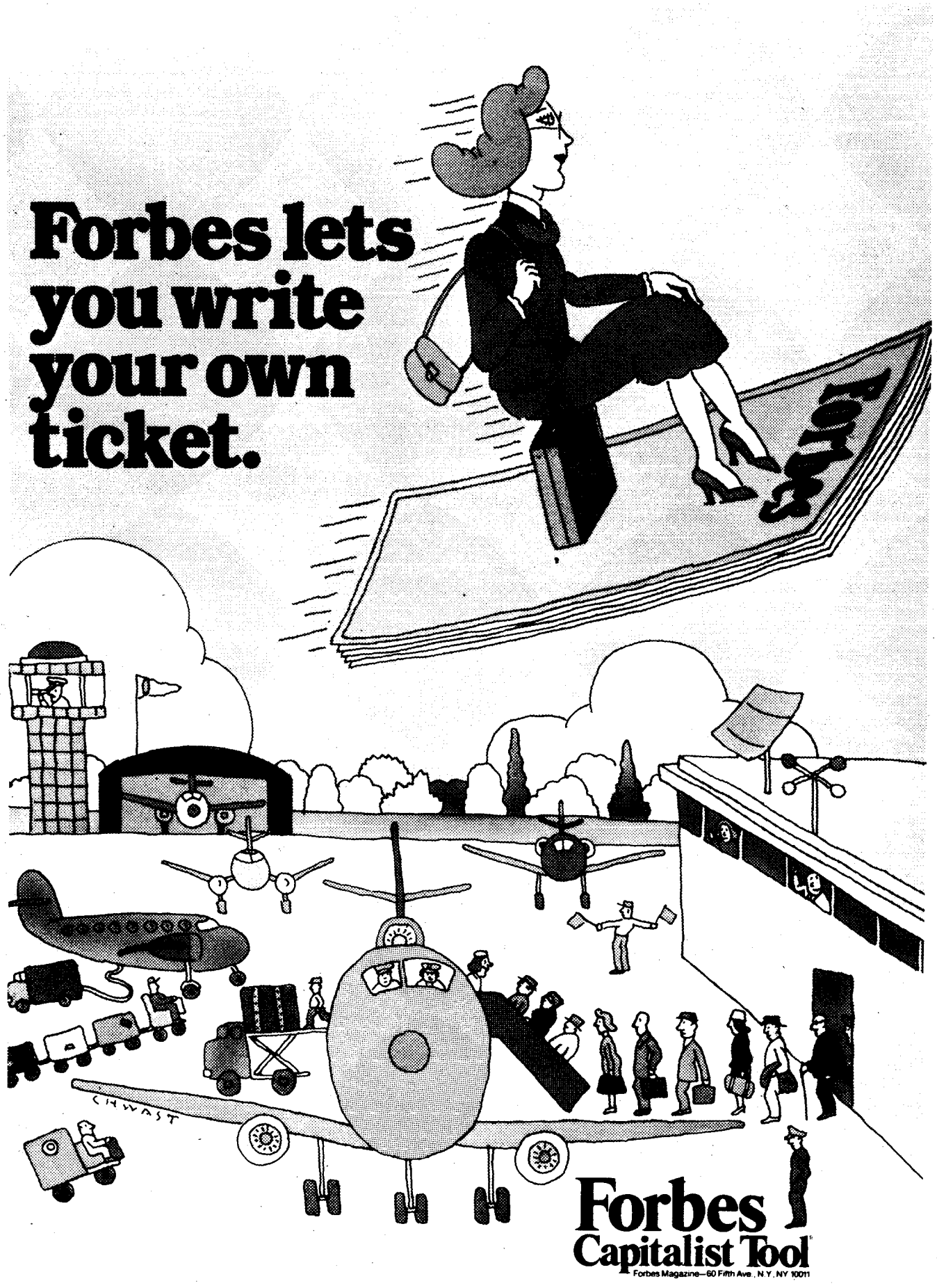
The Russian delegate Piatnisky put forward a suggestion which seemed obvious. "The branches," he suggested, "should declare that they submit to the discipline demanded, and then, in practice, should do exactly the contrary."

The English Communist interrupted, "But that would be a lie." Loud laughter greeted this ingenuous objection, frank, cordial, interminable laughter the like of which the gloomy offices of the Communist International had perhaps never heard before. The joke quickly spread all over Moscow; for the Englishman's entertaining and incredible reply was telephoned at once to Stalin and the most important offices of State, provoking new waves of mirth everywhere.

As the hapless English Communist's remark suggests, not everyone who joined the Communist movement, especially in its early years, was a cynic. Yet it is most unlikely that genuine idealists could long survive in such a polluted environment. Indeed, it is precisely a lack of concern over ideological consistency, and an overwhelming emphasis on undermining the opposition and controlling the organizational levers of power, that constitutes the central message of Leninism. "Innocents Clubs," "Transmission Belts," "Boring from Within," "United Front from Below"—this is the true vocabulary of Leninism, which is less an ideology, in Roche's view, than a blueprint for seizing power, an "operational code for a new style Mafia."

Along with many other American liberals, social democrats, and trade unionists, John Roche fought this "new style Mafia" during its heyday in the 1930s and 40s. It was then, as a young radical, that Roche first acquired his passionate detestation of the Communists and their methods. He witnessed how Stalinist henchmen cynically exploited the often sincere idealism of the so-called "useful idiots" to advance Soviet interests, and how they set out to destroy those individuals and institutions that could not be captured. The theory and practice of Communism was something Roche encountered first-hand, and the encounter left him with an enduring distrust of all Communist ideological protestations, on the one hand, and with an equally enduring fixation on Communist organizational strategy, on the other. Or as Roche himself puts it, in dealing with Marxist-Leninists, "Don't listen to what they say; watch their hands."



On the whole, Roche's emphasis on the cynical character of the Marxist-Leninist elite, and on the instrumental significance of Marxism-Leninism, is well taken. Yet I must record two reservations. First, even when viewed solely as an "operational code," Marxism-Leninism can carry philosophical implications. The belief that politics is essentially an arena of acute conflict, a contest over "who [will destroy] whom," is one such implication that Communist leaders, for all their cynicism, genuinely accept. The belief that Western society, for all its economic and technological achievements, is fundamentally decadent, may well be another premise of Marxism-Leninism widely shared by its adherents.

Second, in downplaying the ideological factor in Soviet foreign policy, Roche perhaps inadvertently conveys the impression that the aims of Soviet foreign policy are basically no different from traditional Russian foreign policy, that ideology serves merely to disguise age-old ambitions and interests. But as the late Bertram Wolfe put it in a well-known essay, "Communist Ideology and Soviet Foreign Policy," there are a number of important differences between the foreign policies of the autocratic Russian state and the totalitarian Soviet state, differences that are ultimately the result of ideology:

> Just as autocracy, though it claimed absolute power, did not dream of totalist

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power within its own realm, so it had no global aims in foreign policy, no all-embracing plan for the world, no overall unifying idea. Neither an ideocracy, nor insurrectionary, its generals brought no plans for revolution in their baggage. It had no fifth column as its servant, no world to bury, and no world to win. Though it might prefer autocracy in its neighbors, it did not feel impelled to set up a replica of its own regime wherever its armies entered; nor did it feel "insecure" and "provoked" unless all the world should consist of autocracies.

These reservations notwithstanding, however, Professor Roche's study remains a small gem. I forget who it was who said that he lacked the time to write a short book, so he wrote a long one instead. John Roche obviously did have the time to write a short book, and a most important one as well. To paraphrase the theater critics, if you read only one book on Communism this season, make it this one. □

ON FREEDOM:
ESSAYS FROM THE FRANKFURT CONFERENCE
Edited by John A. Howard/Devin-Adair/$12.95

Richard Starr

On Freedom is a collection of nine essays that were presented at a recent conference in Frankfurt, West Germany sponsored by the Rockford Institute. The authors, some of whom may be familiar to *American Spectator* readers, are a mix of American and European academics and journalists.

One should not be put off by the rather dry title. Leopold Tyrmand opens the book, for example, with a story about members of the Polish underground listening to American jazz records during World War II and drawing moral sustenance from the music. "There were some among us, certainly, who pondered the Constitution and the American promise, or dream," he writes, "but for most of us the collective improvisation of a Dixieland combo came to mean, if only subliminally, the perfect emblem of freedom and all the necessary energy to defend it." Though suggestive, Tyrmand's metaphor unfortunately provides little help when one tries to define freedom. The jazzman, of course, when asked to define his music, said that if you had to ask, he couldn't tell you. In another of the essays, Leszek Kolakowski professes dismay at those who take such a devil-may-care attitude toward the definition of freedom.

"In all wars," he observes, " 'freedom' is invariably on both sides. All the varieties of genocide, terror, persecution, of whatever hue, are being committed for the sake of 'freedom.' In a sense, we may think that this is a victory for the idea of freedom: nobody dares attack it under its name. In another sense it is a defeat in disguise: a victory for the word, a defeat for meaning." Such a defeat is not, in Kolakowski's view, to be taken lightly. He appropriates a definition from the Anglo-American tradition ("freedom is a negative concept; it is defined by the scope of human activities which are *not* regulated by any law or restricted by violence"), outlines some implications, and suggests that we set the whole on an anthropological foundation: To be human is to demand freedom. This concept, he freely admits, is not empirical, it cannot be supported or attacked with evidence; that in fact is why he urges its adoption. Armed with a definition rooted in human destiny, defenders of free society could claim to be "agents of progress"—a claim they once made but which has been ceded in this century to the enemies of freedom.

Perhaps because he already subscribes to the belief that history is on the side of greater freedom, Paul Johnson is less worried by despots' routinely speaking the language of freedom. He even delights in this fact. "That the genuflection to freedom is considered necessary even by tyrannies," he writes, "is progress of a kind, an acknowledgement even by those who in practice deny it that freedom is a social good." Johnson's concern is that some freedoms are less valued than others, specifically the two he discusses—freedom of markets and freedom of movement. He denies, in fact, that such distinctions are proper, and says that freedom is indivisible. Some of the book's other contributors would no doubt dispute this; Johnson's application of this principle in defense of free markets and free movement across political boundaries, however, should not ruffle their feathers overmuch. Excessive liberty to trade and to move, after all, is hardly a prospect one loses sleep over these days.

The optimistic view of individual conscience that underlies Johnson's argument is nonetheless at odds with the ideas of Nikolaus Lobkowicz. In the end, Lobkowicz has far less faith than Johnson in the virtue of unfettered or uninstructed human conscience. He is less interested in the condition of being free than in how man behaves when he is allowed to behave as he wishes. His argument can be sensed in the pithy formulation he gives it: "If freedom were our highest value, a dungeon would be the only real evil." He wishes, then, to remind us of the "older political philosophers," who maintained "that the ultimate end of all political order consists in helping man to be virtuous."

Lobkowicz worries that a society of people who are merely free will forget the value of freedom; it will lack the desire to defend itself. Though he doesn't say it so bluntly, he is asking if we would take up arms so that our neighbors might indulge a taste for porn videos. "This message may sound hopeless," he says. "For how should we, in a world as mentally chaotic as ours, save our liberty if it presupposes a moral change in our innumerable fellow citizens?" "How should we create a new awareness of American and European freedom if everything depends upon a moral renewal?" This line of questioning brings Lobkowicz to doubt the utility of the forum in which he announces it: "One can lecture about [freedom], organize conferences around it, preach it, but the only real way to carry it on, to maintain, to save it, is through our personal example, through the conduct of our own lives in the circle of the few with whom we are personally acquainted."

There is obvious truth in this proposition, though Lobkowicz rather overstates the threat of widespread decadence. And it is surely to be hoped that he is gregarious and his circle of acquaintances a large one. (Did Lobkowicz meet anyone at this conference?) The question he asks—how to create a new awareness of American and European freedom—is nevertheless a bothersome one and one uppermost in the minds of those who underwrote the conference that spawned this book. Certainly the feeling that some Americans and Europeans are overly critical of their society is a widespread one.

The closing essay, a memoir by *Encounter* editor Melvin Lasky, approaches the question indirectly; how and why, Lasky wonders, did influential Americans and Europeans lose faith in the virtue of their civilization? It is an agonizing concern for Lasky, both because of the central role his generation played in fostering this faith after World War II, and because of its inability to sustain it.

Lasky divides postwar Western

Richard Starr is assistant editor of the Public Interest.

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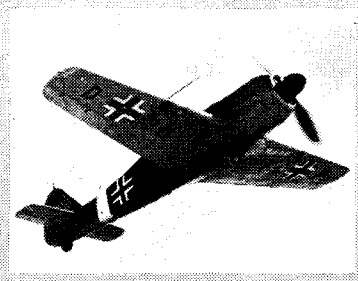

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experience into two periods:

> The first period—the late 1940s, the '50s, and the early '60s—is still, I think, not sufficiently appreciated as one of the great periods of European history and Western civilization: the magnificent recovery of the Old World, aided by the New World, out of the rubble of the most fratricidal war in the annals of mankind. . . . For many of us it was symbolized by the phrase of the unforgettable *Berliner Oberburgermeister* Ernst Reuter: "the Miracle of Berlin" ("*das Wunder Berlins*"). And by that he meant that a city and a population that had been battered, corrupted and humiliated by the catastrophe of the Third Reich still was able to find enough inner resources to hold out against the Soviet Blockade in 1948-49, despite all the seductive offers of peace with coal and extra rations. In other words, anti-communism in a most surprising and heartening way won . . . its new democratic, libertarian credentials. . . . Out of the Cold War came a European renaissance.

The postwar renaissance, Lasky argues, was marked by a consensus in the West that there existed a liberal civilization, not a flawless one but one worth defending. It was a period characterized by the self-confidence of democratic nations, which expressed itself in alliances and agreements between those nations—NATO and the Common Market, to name the two most obvious examples. Lasky's second period, the one we are living through, is marked by a loss of confidence in, if not outright hostility toward, Western civilization. This period began with the youth movements and rise of the New Left in the mid-1960s, and its distinguishing features are by now familiar. The anti-totalitarian consensus has disappeared: The virtues of liberal civilization have become more suspect; the intent of its enemies less so.

What Lasky is talking about, as he makes clear, is the changing of intellectual styles. The average citizen may, like Lobkowicz, worry about the license he sees about him, but on the whole it doesn't seem that the bulk of Western citizenry is consumed with doubt about the *bona fides* of its way of life. Lasky concentrates on intellectual style for the obvious reason that insofar as it sets the tone of political discussion, intellectual style has a more immediate impact on policy than does the personal morality of the populace at large. Its relative importance can be guessed at by imagining how a politician would choose, if he could, between the inarticulate support of a supposed majority and the demonstrable backing of large numbers of journalists, writers, film stars, teachers, and religious leaders. (Being a politician, he would of course choose both.)

One can only guess why and how intellectual style changes. Writing, lecturing, teaching, publishing, and holding conferences surely have some effect, though at times the movement they cause may be as imperceptible as continental drift. Lasky's essay, with its focus on the story of his generation (a group of New York intellectuals who immersed themselves in the study of the Soviet Union, fought in World War II, and joined in the ideological battles of the Cold War), leads one to believe that he himself might emphasize the importance of one's age, the nature of the ideological and political struggle when one comes of age. "Of what value is a half-century's anguished thought on 'the Russian question' when all the lessons of the past are so easily overlooked by another generation?" he asks. One can answer that something of that thought survives in books like this one. □

TAS NOTEBOOK

KUDOS FOR ANTHONY POWELL

by John W. Osborne

Anthony Powell's recent selection for the Ingersoll Foundation's T.S. Eliot Award marks one of the few times anyone has recognized the strong conservative viewpoint that runs throughout the work of the man some have called the English Proust. Powell's principal accomplishment—his great series of twelve novels *A Dance to the Music of Time* that traced Nicholas Jenkins from an early 1920s schoolboy to old age over a period of fifty years—endeavored to show "the gentle disintegration of society in its traditional form." In that goal, there was a subtly stated but firm conservatism, as Powell makes clear in the recently released fourth (and final) volume of his memoirs, *The Strangers Are All Gone*. There he describes how he was inspired to write *A Dance to the Music of Time* while standing in front of a Nicholas Poussin picture of the same name; he resolved to attempt for literature what Poussin had done for painting:

> The image of Time brought thoughts of mortality: of human beings, facing outward like the Seasons, moving hand in hand in intricate measure: stepping slowly, methodically, sometimes a trifle awkwardly, in evolutions that take recognizable shape: or breaking into seemingly meaningless gyrations, while partners disappear only to reappear again, once more giving pattern to the spectacle: unable to control the melody, unable, perhaps, to control the steps of the dance.

Powell's conservatism is an intuitive type—what Clinton Rossiter called "temperamental conservatism." Powell is no ideologue, and he has no patience with system builders of either the political right or the left. Tradition and individual conscience rank high in his scale of values, and, like Evelyn Waugh whose conservatism was more sardonic and bitterly expressed, Powell has a great sense of the fitness of things. This is an important part of his psychology, and his most sympathetic characters are men and women of common sense who work hard to get things done right in their own little corners of the universe. Left-wingers are treated unsympathetically by him, partly because Powell considers that they hold the wrong views but mainly because of flaws in their character. Thus, the splendid characterization of Erridge (Lord Warminster). Erridge is less unpleasant because of his upper-class, left-wing fellow traveling than he is due to his insensitivity to family and other human responsibilities. Because of his putting everything in a proper perspective, Powell is one of the most important moral influences in contemporary English letters.

We see Powell's concern with the fitness of things in the chief character in the series of novels. This is not the faceless and often naive Nicholas Jenkins, but instead Kenneth Widmerpool, a creature who could have stepped from the pages of Stendhal or Balzac. Widmerpool makes his first appearance as an unappealing schoolmate of Jenkins and goes on to dominate the novels as the embodiment of personal ambition and craving for success in any worldly thing. After a spectacular rise in fortune, Widmerpool meets his gruesome end as a life peer and the prisoner of a Charles Manson-like cult figure. (This reminds the reader of Evelyn Waugh's hero, Tony Last, who, in *A Handful of Dust,* ended his days as the captive of a Dickens-loving lunatic in the jungles of South America.) Basic to Widmerpool's advancement, in addition to a sheer opportunism that Powell detests, was his worship of power which took the form of active fellow traveling. We see him as a supporter of the "soviet experiment" in the 1930s, but it is in the climate of socialist Britain and the post-World War II Labour government that Widmerpool is in his element. As Labour member of Parliament and active supporter of friendly relations with the "people's democracies" of Eastern Europe, Widmerpool eventually sails too close to the wind. Treason is mentioned, but a parliamentary inquiry is quashed for national security reasons. Powell's handling of Widmerpool shows more than literary sophistication; he demonstrates as well an awareness of the qualities which are valued in a socialist society when it deals with the Communist bloc.

Most telling of Powell's leftist characters, next to Widmerpool, is Erridge, Lord Warminster, scion of an ancient noble house, who lives in squalor in a corner of his home. Erridge is the quintessential rich parlor pink of the thirties, an enthusiastic adherent of every fashionable left-wing

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cause of the moment. He has great sympathy for the masses but is unable to get along with individual members of the human race, including his own family. There are traces of both Cobbett and Dickens in this character. Thoroughly self-centered, he is yet at the mercy of the publicists of the left and is an active financial contributor to all "progressive" causes which feed his revolt against his class and his family. Powell sums him up as "a rebel whose life has been exasperatingly lacking in persecution, had enjoyed independence of parental control, plenty of money, assured social position, early in life."

In his serpentine fashion, Powell alludes to the great international issues of the day from the Stalinist purges of the thirties to the revolutionary terror of the 1960s. Generally it seems that English adherents of the fashionable progressivism win the day. The situation is made more melancholy by laconic references to the deaths of honorable officers in Allied armies whom Jenkins met in England during the war. After 1945 these men returned to their own countries and were liquidated by the Communist governments of Eastern Europe. These are the establishments which are viewed with sympathy by men like Widmerpool, on their way to fame and fortune under socialism. In the three post-World War II novels in the series, the good suffer while left-wing fanatics and opportunists wax fat, at least for a while. Then one by one they fall. Widmerpool suffers a miserable death, another loses his twin daughters to the counterculture, a third meets a mysterious demise in Czechoslovakia—all in keeping with Powell's effort to restore a moral balance to the universe.

Ideology and literature are uneasy companions. Who reads today the proletarian novels of the 1930s? And for that matter, who places Shelley's bitter political poems that were written in England beside his nature poems which seem to have Italian backgrounds? Powell is perhaps saved this fate by his comic gifts, as well as his sense of the relative importance of ideas and events. Compared, for instance, to his ideological contemporary Angela Thirkell, whose sour stories of postwar England are in the process of being forgotten, Powell's writing has a certain wit and perspective. Powell isn't so blunt and didactic that he simply denounces socialism, but ridicules it as he does pretension and personal ambition. Powell's most unpleasant characters are distinguished by their lust for power, while it is noticeable on the other hand that someone like Nicholas Jenkins seems to drift along the stream of life. Instead of ambition, honor and conscientiousness are valued. One of Powell's most appealing characters in the early novels is General Aylmer Conyers, "tall, distinguished with grey moustache and flashing eyes," who is the embodiment of common sense and practical morality. Conyers dies a nonagenarian fire warden chasing looters in blacked-out London during the blitz. Notably absent from Powell's heroes are Conservative party politicians. If the world is to be improved, it will have to be as the result of exertions by individuals, not by schemes or ideology.

Powell is no ordinary conservative, then; his works are not political tracts, and readers in search of conservative ammunition are warned that Powell has a habit of communicating more by implication than directly. This makes his message not less compelling but only more sophisticated and subtle. Those who make the effort to discern the conservative in Anthony Powell will be rewarded, and those, like the Ingersoll Foundation, who have recognized his contribution to our intellectual and cultural life are to be congratulated. □

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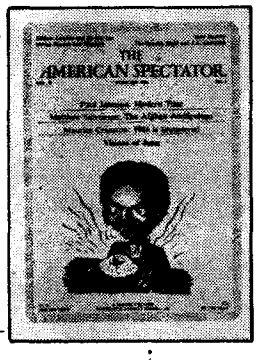

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CURRENT WISDOM

Bloomington Herald-Telephone

A New Age Casanova full of "pathos, terror, love, sex, and death," and with a whiff of the eternal grad student about him excoriates our debonaire editor before inviting him to the wedding feast, presumably to be held at the local mental health facility:

To the editor:

In reading the column by R. Emmett Tyrrell "The Romance Has Gone Out of Modern Feminism," (*Herald-Telephone*, August 26), I could not discern about which he knew less; feminism or romance. The majority of feminists I know are challenging, provacative [sic], and actively compassionate.

Of course, these attributes do not appeal to Tyrrell's idea of the properly deferential "lady." His kind of mealy-minded romance that our pop culture also endorses is not romance, but overly sentimental tripe which ultimately demeans women and men alike.

Romance, as the French troubadours, Chaucer, Malory, Shakespeare, and Shelley praised it and as our best contemporary poets such as Hayden Carruth, Adrienne Rich, and Linda Pastan (all of whom profess feminist views) now praise it, derives from pathos, terror, love, sex, and death. These complicated facets of living could never be expressed by artificial and arbitrary social codes such as a "gentleman" opening a door for a "lady."

Romance is larger than mere perfunctory and sexist gestures. I do not mean to do away with common courtesies, for I too appreciate the woman who might open the door for me. What I do mean is that romance transcends social conventions and that we should not confuse or cheapen romance by equating it with complacent displays of those conventions.

As for feminists in love, two come immediately to mind; Geraldine Ferraro and my fiancee, Annette Sisson. By the way, Annette and I cordially invite Tyrrell to our October 13 wedding. I've instructed the editor to kindly forward all the specifics of time and location to him if he so chooses to accept our invitation. We will disappoint him in that we have no prenuptial agreements or contracts; however, we hope he will discover that we, like most feminists who choose marriage, do it the old fashioned way—with respect and love.

—Jim Brock

[September 3, 1984]

Playboy

Shirley MacLaine, agog and under the influences of the Reagan prosperity:

Playboy: To what do you attribute Reagan's appeal?

MacLaine: Well, you can disagree with him all you want but, let's face it, the man is playing the role of his life, with his ideology as his screenplay.

Playboy: Are you being cynical?

MacLaine: No. Aren't we all playing the roles of our lives? But is there any doubt in your mind that he's having fun with this role? The *public* knows he's having a good time being President. I think it's real. I think it's genuine. People are too smart—smarter than you think. So I think that if you do anything sincerely, you're going to succeed. That's the secret of Ronald Reagan. I really think that Ronald Reagan is an enlightened human being. Coming from me, a liberal, democratic socialist, that's something to say. But I believe it. He is coming from where *I'm* coming from these days: He believes in himself, he believes peace is possible, he was seemingly forgiving of the boy who tried to assassinate him—he cares for the family; he cares for the boy's mental health—he cares for the souls of the unborn. He speaks to the higher values.

[September 1984]

New York Times

John B. Oakes, once a Senior Editor of the venerable *Times*, solemnly proffers some public-spirited counsel to the GOP, two days before its national convention and while the Republic still has time.

If Mr. Reagan's closest advisers were sincerely interested in protecting the President as well as the Presidency, they would recognize that he is not up to running the White House for four more years. They would urge him to withdraw before the election (rather than after it, as some observers predict he is likely to do).

If, however, the Republican Party does succeed in propping him up through the election, and if this is the kind of President the American people choose, then we should be singing in the next four years not "God Bless America" but God help America.

[August 18, 1984]

Gloucester County Times

The J.J. Rousseau of Gloucester County, New Jersey, speaks his mind in the correspondence page of a local gazette:

To the Editor:

Dr. Scheide's refutation of the homosexual lifestyle (Gloucester County Times' Readers View, July 11) is a sad example of the misunderstanding many people have about this sector of our society. This misunderstanding leads to nothing but fear, and we must never govern our lives—or our nation—around fear.

This United States of America was founded to give equal rights to all people who follow its Constitution, and who exercise their rights without causing harm to anyone. The homosexual harms no one; therefore he should legally be protected under the laws which govern him.

One cannot deny those citizens their rights simply because he dislikes their lifestyle. Hitler tried this; Stalin also wished to exterminate or deny freedom to the enemies of his policies and beliefs. So, shall we follow their examples and create a totalitarian regime? A regime over which our forefathers died to overthrow.

One sector of society does not have the right to dictate its personal convictions upon an entire society. What if people were discriminated against and denied their rights simply because they were fundamentalist Christians?

I know many compassionate, nonjudgmental and devout Christians who are homosexual. Although you may not agree with their lifestyle, you cannot deny them their constitutional rights simply because your beliefs will not tolerate them. You have no right to hoist your doctrines upon a free society.

The United States was not founded to give Christians a land in which to freely govern its morals upon nonbelievers. I, too, am a Christian, but I cannot legislate my desires upon an agnostic. Faith is a personal matter, not political.

J. Eme
Washington Township

[July 27, 1984]

New York Times

The *Times* reports on another prodigious mantra from the Hon. Mondale, waxing bravely and pathetically on the campaign trail:

Mr. Mondale said the Nov. 6 election was "about what kind of people we are." Insisting that government must help the weak and needy, he said: "America is not just for ourselves, but for each other. We need a President who leads us along the course of compassion and caring and community.

"I won't permit this crowd to steal the future from our children without a fight," he continued. "I won't let them put ice in our soul without a fight. They may ask for our vote, but I'll be damned if I'll let them steal our conscience."

[September 26, 1984]

Washington Post

Advances in the constituency of conscience's humane metaphysics as reported in the incomparable "Style" section of the *Washington Post*:

Last night, after a long day on the front lines of the public relations offensive Nicaragua is staging at the United Nations and throughout the city, it was poker-faced junta coordinator, Daniel Ortega, who held down the official receiving line at a trendy New York Athletic Club reception hosted by lawyer Michael Kennedy.

But across the room, a swelling crowd of women talked about Astorga beneath ceiling murals of men wrestling, boxing and running track. A piano player was singing, "I Love You Just the Way You Are."

"Oh, God," said Susan Horowitz, a political activist who champions liberal causes. "To try to get the guy to bed, and then kill him! Fantastic. It's like a western. That's my dream, to do that to Reagan, George Bush, go right down the line. I've got to meet this Mata Hari."

Among the crowd were celebrities like Abbie Hoffman, actor-producer Michael Douglas, Mike Wallace, Shana Alexander, judges and rabbis, doctors and lawyers. None sparked Freudian debate like Astorga.

"From a purely esthetic standpoint," sniffed one investment banker, "I'd say she's not worth getting killed for."

"I think she's great looking," snapped his wife, eyeing the crowd build-up. "I'd say the women are more interested in her than the men."

"That's because they all want to do what she did," he replied.

Nearby, Horowitz, a stunning, intelligent-looking woman with long brown hair accompanied by husband David Horowitz, president of MTV, was chiding feminists for denying they use sexuality to get what they want. "I know I do," she said.

"So many women on the left deny they'd ever use their sexuality because they assume it's not in keeping with women's liberation," she went on. "But I know a lot who use their looks and wiles, even though they'd never march into the Wonder Woman foundation and say, 'Hey, I got this guy to do something for me because I gave him the hint I'd do something for him in return.' "

She saw Astorga as an inspiration for the New Woman. "She's the most exciting modern female revolutionary around. I love it."

[October 4, 1984]

The Nation

A scholar at the redoubtable *Nation* takes the long view:

No leader of a Western empire since Frederick Barbarossa has courted the church as deliberately and assiduously as Ronald Reagan.

[September 8, 1984]

New York Times

Let Reagan match this! Konstantin U. Chernenko, *philosophe* and poet, discourses on the niceties of Socialist Realism before a rapt throng of Soviet Mailers at the 50th anniversary meeting of the board of the Soviet Writers Union:

In a 5,000-word speech titled "To Assert the Truth of Life, the Lofty Ideals of Socialism," he summed up his philosophy with a reference to the ideas of Maxim Gorky, who is generally credited by Soviet ideologists with spawning the precepts of Socialist Realism.

"Writers must learn to make active use of a great right bestowed by socialism," Mr. Chernenko quoted Gorky as having said. "This is the right to take a direct part in building a new life, to be a strict judge of all things inert and obsolete, and to affirm by their art the true humanism and lofty ideals of socialism. Such is, in fact, the political meaning of Socialist Realism, the chief artistic method of our literature and art."

[September 26, 1984]

ABA Journal

Mr. Anthony Lewis, a decade after all his pert assertions about Southeast Asia had prevailed:

Truth about anything in Vietnam is not attainable.

[September 1984]

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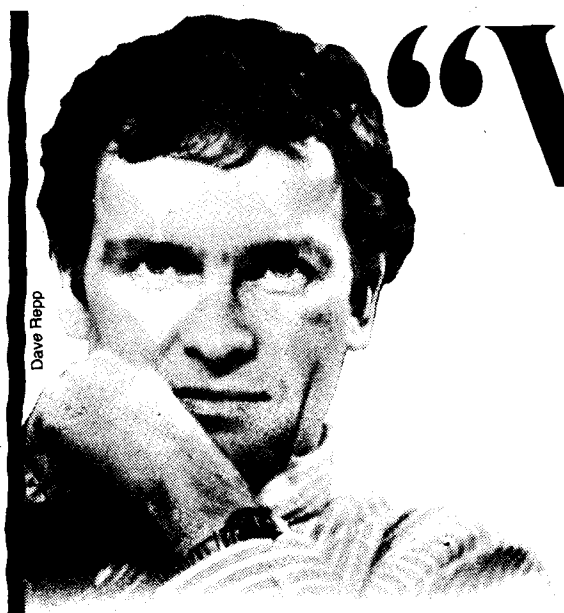
Dave Repp

"What joy!"

says Malcolm Muggeridge, welcoming the new frontal assault on American liberalism by "the funniest political essayist to come along in years"—*Tom Wolfe*

The founder and editor-in-chief of *The American Spectator*, having brilliantly dissected *Public Nuisances* in his book of that title, now goes beyond *Homo liberalis* to examine what he believes are the frequently incoherent, often infantile (and nearly always dangerous) ideas of the New Age Liberals.

THE LIBERAL CRACK-UP probes "the palpable absurdity of the major ideas of our time... now hardened into a cheap orthodoxy, so obvious and vulgar that almost anyone could master it and mouth its dunderheaded pieties."

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☛ BLACK ANTI-SEMITISM... "When a black Atlantan was arrested and charged [with the murders of black children in Atlanta] Mayor Marion Barry of our nation's capital justified the charges of racism, explaining that had the children 'been Jewish, the Federal government would have moved faster.' Jewish? Why Jewish? Why not simply white or rich or famous? Atlanta was the sad culmination of more than a decade of sham."

☛ THE TUBE..."Television has preempted reality in the minds of millions. When Laurence Olivier played Hamlet he was never asked to testify before Parliament on domestic political conditions in Denmark. Today in America Alan Alda, who played an army surgeon on M*A*S*H, has lectured to medical schools, and Ed Asner, who played a city editor on *Lou Grant*, has lectured a meeting of journalists on 'investigative journalism.'"

☛ ANDREW YOUNG... "Andy found racism everywhere, even in Abraham Lincoln... Yet Andy found no hint of racism in Arab lands. Nor did Jesse Jackson, nor the members of the Black Caucus. The new black leaders recognized the Arab lands as true brothers engaged in one of the great liberation movements of modern times—namely: the liberation of dollars from Western banks."

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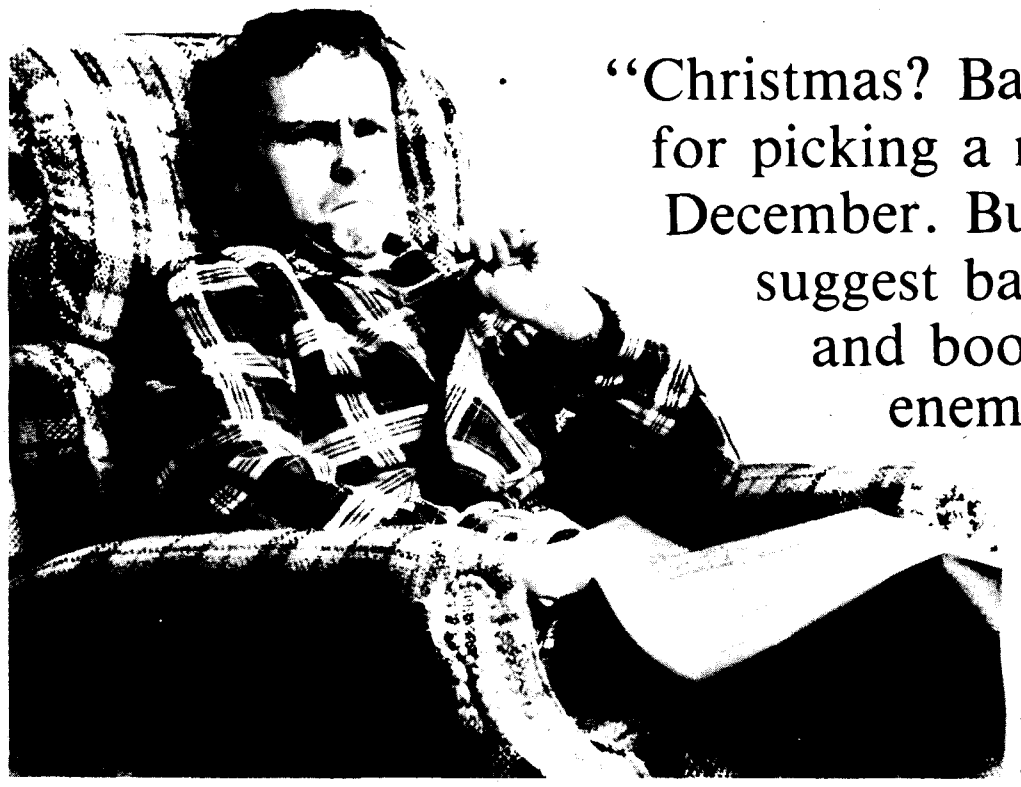

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CORRESPONDENCE

(continued from page 9)

more and more like Mario Cuomo and less and less like Mencken. Keep it up, and you'll be changing your banner to "the American Nativist."

—Stephen Settle
Director of Communications
Catholic League for
Religious and Civil Rights
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Excellence in Education

The September issue on "Excellence in Education: The First Year" is the best thing I have seen so far on the need and the means to rectify American education's slide into bedlam.

—R.O. Young
San Diego, California

I wanted you to know that I am distributing copies of the September *American Spectator* to my fellow members of the Colorado commission analyzing the future of higher education in this state. Some hard decisions have to be made here as well as in other states specifying the future of higher education. The September issue will be most helpful.

—John T. McCarty
Vice President
Corporate Public Affairs
Adolph Coors Company
Golden, Colorado

I am inspired by the articles on excellence in education to add my "two cent's worth" to the discussion:

The other day I had a letter from a grand-nephew thanking me for a graduation gift. This boy is about to become a freshman in college. The message was composed in a nearly illegible combination of lower- and upper-case print. I thought back to what was required of my first-grade children when I was a teacher.

In the first place, "print is for books, script is for people." They were taught to write (script) from *a* to *z*, and could recite the alphabet. I've read that some students today can't use dictionaries.

I taught reading, writing, and numbers. As a young teacher, just out of training-school, I was overwhelmed by forty-five "1B" children, who came into my room the first day. I had been taught "how to teach," but not how to cope with and organize so many children, some of whom had never been to kindergarten.

On the third day, the assistant-principal came in to observe. *Lesson One* for those who strive for excellence: a superior should not only evaluate, but also help, which is what she did for me and the children. She divided the children into three sections, and taught one section at a time. She continued to do this for several weeks, until I became proficient. She was a truly superb teacher.

Lesson Two came from the second-grade teacher, who always took me to task if any children I passed on to her did not have the required vocabulary, could not "sound out" the words via phonetics, or for any reason should have been required to repeat the grade.

I should mention that this first assignment was in a very poor neighborhood, and the children would today be called "underprivileged." Some were slow, but not called "learning-disabled," or any of the other fancy categories that can be an excuse for not teaching them anything.

Lesson Three I learned when I was transferred into a neighborhood of upper-middle-class parents, where the children were much easier to teach, but the methods were exactly the same. Only the very best prepared, experienced teachers should be placed in the early grades. It is there that children get the instruction in tools they will use for the rest of their lives, as well as the rest of their school years. Excellence must be taught from the very first grade.

This last truth is the most important of all that I learned fifty years ago, when I taught in the Pittsburgh Pennsylvania Public Schools.

—Elizabeth Livingston
Fort Myers, Florida

Notably absent from your otherwise excellent symposium . . . are the deleterious effects of numerous governmentally mandated programs, bearing at best indirect influence upon academic growth and achievement. . . . In recent years, judges and legislators, both anxious to "do good," the latter perhaps also eager to build political constituencies, have compelled school personnel to administer among other things meals, transportation, immunization, learning disability screening, and redundant testing programs.

Each of these is administered on school time with school personnel, detracting not only from direct learning time for students, but from essential supervision, guidance, and teaching time for professional educators. Each program, without speaking to its merits or demerits, is administered in the least cost effective, time efficient way, with the full panoply of ever multiplying forms, deadlines, supervisors, auditors. . . . I would suggest an assault by H. Ross Perot or by a Grace commission to investigate and provide recommendations for solutions to this problem.

—Frederic Wile
New York, New York

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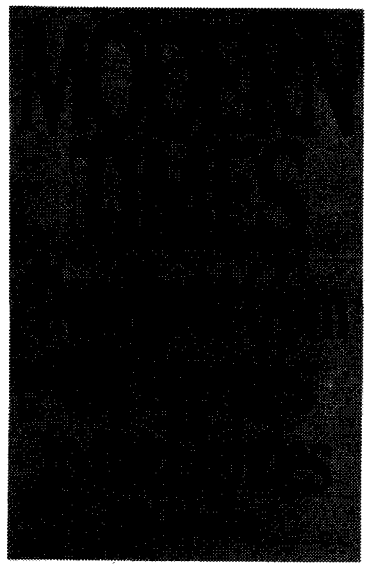

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How do you score on men and events?

Fill in the blanks with the people Paul Johnson is referring to:

"The _____ invasion [of Washington], one visiting statesman observed, was 'like watching the Borgia brothers take over a respectable north Italian town'." (Page 614)

"In the atomic field Soviet agents included Julius and Ethel Rosenberg. Morton Sobell, David Greenglass, Harry Gold, _____ (alias Alexander Stevens), to whom Whittaker Chambers acted as courier, and Jacob Golos, as well as Klaus Fuchs, who had been cleared by British security." (Page 458)

"Yet _____ was not a statist. He said he was against any attempt 'to smuggle fascism into America through the back door'. On many issues he was a liberal....He did not make anti-Semitic jokes, like Woodrow Wilson and his wife or Franklin Roosevelt. To a very wide spectrum of educated American opinion, he was the leading American public man..." (Page 243)

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